THEATRE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1918

A PLAY a day!

That's the slogan for the new theatrical year.

The season started off with a sure fire hit, and judging by the managers' plans which seldom go awry (God forgive us) there'll be some high sailing.

Here's luck to it! May it have fair weather, hit few shoals, and bring joy to 1918 theatre audiences.

PITY the poor manager!

He has a hereditary enemy in that bugaboo of the theatre—the critic.

The producer looks to the critic for guidance. Does he get it?

George Jean Nathan says no. He declares that in the last dozen years not a single critic has expressed a single philosophy or a single recommendation that has helped an American producer or playwright—with some exceptions, he of course, included.

An interesting article, full of "punch," written in Mr. Nathan's inimitable style, in the October issue.

HAVE you ever been annoyed at the theatre when, for no possible reason that you can discover, large greasy palms and big gaping mouths yell for "author" and "star" and insist on a speech being made when there's nothing to say.

This is one of the great abuses of the theatre, for it kills all illusion. Sometimes it is carried to such ridiculous extremes that an actor who has just expired on the stage, is forced to rise from the dead to answer a frenzied curtain summons.

No custom of the playhouse calls for more drastic reform.

Read "The Curtain Call" in the October THEATRE MAGAZINE and learn about all these absurdities which dampen rather than enhance pleasures of theatregoing.

WE hear a good deal about actors, and a good deal about theatre managers. But nobody outside of the theatre knows much about the stage director—the most important of them all.

The stage director is the power behind the throne, the man who pulls the strings in the theatre.

He is despotic, his will is absolute law, and he must possess the patience of Job.

Charles Burnham writes an entertaining article in the next issue, full of anecdotes of famous stage directors he has known.

NO one will deny that players have more interesting lives than ordinary mortals.

Their days are crammed full of excitement, bustle, hustle and unusual experiences.

In our next issue we have a special treat in store for our readers. Prominent players have, in their own words, told "The Most Striking Episode in My Life," and in October we shall begin to publish the first of the series.

Read about Geraldine Farrar's courtship, Raymond Hitchcock's job at Wanamaker's, Irene Franklin's unique wedding, etc. One is more entertaining than the other, and they're all novel.

WHAT if the stage goes dry?

What will the playwrights and players do? Many plays and situations depend upon alcohol for their effects—amusing or tragic. As for the comedian—all comedy of the red nose variety at once becomes obsolete.

An amusing article by Lisle Bell in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for October.

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THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, ADD $1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, ADD 85c.

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THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 211. SEPTEMBER, 1918

From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

The star of a new war play now at the Republic, entitled, "Where Poppies Bloom"

"WHAT THE PUBLIC NEEDS"

THE occasion was a recent Broadway première of a play that had been highly successful out of town and which bids fair to run a year in New York.

At the end of the third act there were loud cries of "Author!" but no author being forthcoming, one of the stars of the occasion, Louis Mann, made a short and tactful speech of appreciation. But Mr. Mann, in his remarks, did not confine himself to the play "Friendly Enemies," in which he and his associates had just scored so well deserved a success. He took advantage of the opportunity thus offered to sound a loud blast of praise of the producer, whom he referred to as "the genius of the American drama."

An exact stenographic report of the address is not at hand, but the laudations were unqualified. We were told that this producer is a great artist, a pillar of our stage, and one to whom the future of our theatre may be safely entrusted because *"he knows what the public needs."*

The speaker, of course, probably only intended his remarks as a graceful and, as he thought, well deserved compliment to his manager. Possibly he did not expect his words to be taken literally. It was only a curtain speech, and one must say something when called on to make a curtain speech, even if sometimes it be at the expense of veracity and historical accuracy.

IS it true that this particular producer is a great artist, a pillar of our stage?

He has been reported as saying in interviews that his policy regarding plays is always one of instantaneous decision. If a play appeals to him at first sight, he backs it. If not, he never gives it a second thought.

In other words, he depends chiefly in this matter on instinct. He has a *flair* for the theatre. His subconscious mind tells him what will succeed and what will fail. The "little men" who overnight wrote stories for Robert Louis Stevenson pick plays for this particular genius of the stage.

It might be suggested that one who follows such a policy was probably suspicious of his own higher faculties. It *is* confusing to think such matters out: the procedure requires so much in the way of taste, discrimination, and background of artistic knowledge.

At all events we are asked to entrust the American drama to the instinct of this manager.

He "knows what the public needs."

Presumably it is this confidential and semi-divine "inner light" that guides his choice of dramatic fare for the public.

This year he begins well. He has unquestionably hit the bull's eye with "Friendly Enemies." This clean, wholesome play with its honest, human touch and spirit of fine patriotism, goes far to make amends for other pieces, presented by the same manager, that would hardly bear the test of close scrutiny.

How about the dramatic fare this producer offered us last season? Did you find there the same moral uplift? Were the plays he gave us the plays the public needs? Let us see.

Included therein were "Mary's Ankle"—a loud and silly farce which even New York could not stomach overlong; "Business Before Pleasure"—another stage presentation of such matter as makes up the popular newspaper "comics" headed "Abie the Agent"; "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath"—a piece whose title flaunts the vulgarity which is its foundation, and "An American Ace"—the most jejúne and puerile melodrama that has had metropolitan production in a decade.

Vastly much more could be said regarding this managerial record, but this is enough.

What the public needs!

MAWKISH twaddle, leering vulgarity, slapstick repartee, ridiculous childish "scenic effects"—empty-headed, tasteless, vapid piffle, all deliberately concocted and prepared in the obviously well-founded belief that it will get the money.

Does the public need the drama of true sentiment, of thoughtful laughter, of skilled satire, of intellectual stimulation?

Shall our comedy evoke only the guffaw from the abdomen? (Are not the stomachs of our playgoers already more than sufficiently occupied when they enter the theatre, Mr. Hoover?)

Shall we shed no true tears in the playhouse except over the lamentable decline of our twentieth century drama?

Shall such minds as have been left to us after the long diet of this theatrical Mellin's Food be invariably insulted by every play (and most of the actors) we go to see?

Upon analysis it would appear that the only thing the public needs is a continued softening of its brain.

So many other things might have been said in this curtain speech. The occasion—like countless others of its ilk—surely offered the inspiration.

The audience might have been told some of the truth about New York as a producing center for the American drama.

The speaker might have said that Manhattan audiences are composed very largely of people who have brought here from abroad the densest of ignorance. They have become well-to-do, they have suddenly found themselves free from the most tyrannical oppression, they overflow with the desire to enjoy themselves and at the same time to exhibit the evidences of their triumphant prosperity.

THEIR childlike intellects (childlike, that is, in all save the ability to cultivate the main chance) delight only in the obvious, the elementary, the hackneyed. Pinchbeck is to them more desirable even than fine gold. They are in the majority, and by their suffrage here in New York they determine what *all* the playgoers of America shall see and hear.

These gentry—estimable enough people, doubtless, in labor and commerce—have almost completely monopolized that branch of *art* which finds expression in the theatre. They supply not only the audiences, but most of the producers and far more than their share of the players.

The manager (who nearly always frankly declares himself a plain business man and rarely pretends to the appellation of "genius of the American drama") knows what his people like. He has observed them on the Bowery in their transports of delight over the trite and the crude. He realizes that they will welcome the same pabulum (and little else) on Forty-second Street. And so he is giving—for a good round price—what *his* public needs—or wants.

And the speaker might have gone further and enunciated *this* fact:—

The future of the American drama is hopeless until the producers with courage, appreciation, and taste begin to give the truly *intelligent* public what *it* needs. For the truly intelligent public is here. Only it doesn't go much to the theatre. It has been there once (or twice) too often.

"What!" it says. "You still go to plays in New York? What a triumph of hope over experience!

"We used to go when we first came here (or, when we were young and optimistic), but it all kept getting worse and worse. For years now we'd rather stay home and read a book."

And so the playhouse is sold for thirty pieces of silver. And so the American "Rialto" has become merely the scene of the noisy bickerings of the old-clothesmen of the drama. With raucous cries and grotesque gesticulations, they buy and sell their shoddy.

THE theatrical district of the metropolis is a vast bazaar, a place of bargaining and barter, of shifty cunning and skilful haggling—for all the world like a market-place out of the Orient—picturesque, perhaps, but decidedly ill-smelling.

Behind its chorus-girl slave-mart, beneath its flaunting rags of color and ostentation, down underfoot in the foul mire of animal stupidity, the Art of the Drama is trampled to extinction. And none but the brave—certainly none of these gentlemen who know "What the public needs"—comes to the rescue.

And—the speaker might very well have concluded—what the public chiefly needs in the playhouse is a little rest from the tawdry and the obvious, a little skilled guidance upward and outward toward sincerer, better things, a little stimulation to an insight into what is false and true, what degrading and ennobling.

For this—Heaven being merciful—will come some day. And it will sweep away the tinsel and filth and gradually build up here in America what we should have had long since—as estimable a drama as any civilized nation can boast.

In that sweet day a decent modicum of truth shall be interpreted in our theatre—and gifted men (in place of theatrical hucksters) will gather together what is best and with the infinite pains and skill of actual genius give to the public what the public needs.

Ira L. Hill

RUTH CHATTERTON

This sympathetic actress is co-starring with Henry Miller in "A Marriage of Convenience" on tour, playing the rôle in which Billie Burke was seen in New York. In September she will open the Henry Miller Theatre with a new play

© Beidler

Moffett

BLANCHE YURKA

Who displayed real emotional capability in "Daybreak" last season, has scored again in the leading feminine rôle in the new war play by the Troubetskoys, "Allegiance"

RUTH FINDLAY

A prominent member of the cast of "A Very Good Young Man," the new comedy of East Side life at the Plymouth

IN THE SEASON'S EARLY OFFERINGS

NEW SHOWS FOR BROADWAY

In spite of war times the theatre managers have many good things up their sleeves

AGAINST the frowning background of war, the dramatic year of 1918-9, looms brightly with a golden promise of high achievement for the American actor, the American dramatist and the American manager. In spite of threats of an increased war tax upon theatre tickets, in spite of vastly augmented expenses in production and transportation, managers are starting the new season in high spirits with plans of vast magnitude. The enterprises of the greater producing firms headed by Lee Shubert, David Belasco, A. H. Woods, Messrs. Selwyn, Klaw and Erlanger, the Frohmans and their confrères include a greater number of new plays than have ever been announced at this time of any previous year.

The Shubert list is long and imposing, embracing all shades of dramatic entertainment and presenting grand opera, comic opera, musical comedy, farce, and legitimate plays both alone and in conjunction with A. H. Woods, W. A. Brady, John D. Williams, Elliott, Comstock and Gest, Oliver Morosco, the Selwyns, Arthur Hopkins, "Jack" Welch, Lawrence Weber, George Broadhurst, Wm. Faversham and Maxine Elliott, Mme. Bertha Kalich, Lee Kugel, Frederic Edward McKay, Winthrop Ames, Richard Walton Tully, Stuart Walker and others.

AMONG the playwrights whose works will be seen at Shubert theatres under one or another of these directors are Augustus Thomas, Guy Bolton, P. G. Wodehouse, Roi Cooper Megrue, Prince and Princess Troubetskoy (the latter well known to fortune and to fame as Amelie Rives), Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hofmann, Henrik Ibsen, Maurice Maeterlinck, Bayard Veiller, Margaret Mayo, Edgar Allen Woolf, Oscar Wilde, Jesse Lynch Williams, Rida Johnson Young, Victor Mapes, Jane Cowl, George V. Hobart, Mark Twain, Richard Walton Tully, Joseph Howard, Percy MacKaye, William Collier, Max Marcin, George Broadhurst, Booth Tarkington, William Hodge, Oscar Asche, Jules Eckert Goodman, and others.

A massive Shakesperian production is among the Shubert possibilities of the coming season. This plan has not yet taken definite shape, but a possibility exists of a brief return to the stage for a Shakesperian War Festival Benefit of several noted classic actors who have hitherto appeared under this management. Such a list would include Sothern and Marlowe, Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson (Gertrude Elliott), William Faversham, Tyrone Power, and Maxine Elliott.

This season the activities of Klaw and Erlanger will be varied and extensive, but except for the successful pieces already produced, they announce no novelties. "The Rainbow Girl" will duplicate its New York success in a number of companies, and other established productions will go on tour.

Alf Hayman, director of the Charles Frohman company, has a number of interesting things scheduled under the stage management of Iden Payne. The next American tour of Cyril Maude will present that capital comedian in a new rôle said to rival "Grumpy" in interest. "Nurse Benson," the most succesful comedy recently produced in London will be presented by Mr. Hayman, and it is to be hoped that Billie Burke may be induced to appear as the central figure. William Gillette's announced intention to return to the Frohman forces at the end of his present contract will please all admirers of that actor. Maude Adams, of course, will be seen on tour in "A Kiss for Cinderella," and may play a brief Spring engagement at the Empire. Otis Skinner, of course, remains a Frohman star.

THE activities of David Belasco are unusually varied. Already four plays have been successfully tried out by that manager, and the outstanding triumphs of last season, notably "Tiger Rose," and "Polly With a Past," now duplicating its New York success in San Francisco, will continue with companies intact.

"Daddies," with John Cope, Bruce McRae and Jeanne Eagles has already proved a winner in a preliminary canter, and so has the new vehicle in which Frances Starr will appear. Miss Starr's support will include that capital actor O. P. Heggie who will be seen early in the season under the banner of George Tyler and Klaw and Erlanger. A new piece, by an unnamed author, for David Warfield, is included in the forthcoming productions by Mr. Belasco.

Among the activities in which George C. Tyler is engaged is firstly the much heralded production of the revised version of "Among Those Present." This play by Larry Evans, Walter C. Percival and G. S. Kaufman was originally produced by Mr. Tyler in Chicago with Henry B. Warner in the title rôle. During the summer it was rewritten and recast with a commanding roster of players headed by Cyril Keightley and including A. E. Anson, William B. Mack, Hassard Short, and selected as the initial offering for the coming season at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

Close upon the heels of "Among Those Present," Mr. Tyler will present at the Booth Theatre on September 2 a dramatization by E. E. Rose of Booth Tarkington's famed "Penrod" stories. In "Penrod," which, by the way, is a play for grown-ups, the juvenile rôles will be cast from a group of clever young players whose ages correspond with those of the characters they impersonate.

LAURETTE TAYLOR will visit the chief cities in the United States for the first time since attaining stellar distinction. Later in the season Mr. Tyler will offer Marie Doro in a dramatization of Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, "The Amazing Interlude." A farce, "All Wrong," by W. H. Post, dramatized from a short story, "A Burglar's Feelings," and a new circus play, are also scheduled for production by this manager. George Arliss will continue in "Hamilton," and "A Country Cousin" will be seen in the principal cities with Alexandra Carlisle and important associates.

John D. Williams promises no less than seven interesting novelties for the coming season. Beginning at the Comedy Theatre on September 9, Oscar Wilde's brilliant satiric comedy "An Ideal Husband" will be given for the first time in America. This will serve to introduce the series of smart pieces with which Messrs. Norman Trevor and Cyril Harcourt will be identified at the Comedy. A cast of unusual distinction will include in addition to Messrs. Trevor and Harcourt, Constance Collier, Beatrice Beckley, Julian L'Estrange and Jane Cooper. Lionel Barrymore will continue to present his appealing characterization of Milt Shanks in Augustus Thomas' "The Copperhead," and will be accompanied on tour by every available scrap of illuminative data regarding Ibsen's "An Enemy to the People," in which he will be seen next year in the rôle of Dr. Stockman. A new play, "Beyond the Horizon," will introduce Eugene O'Neill as a dramatist employing a larger canvas than that afforded in the one-act plays with which he has heretofore been identified. Anne Flexner Crawford has furnished Mr. Williams with a play for early production entitled "All Souls' Eve," and a piece by Isabel Butler introduces the music motif without which no manager considers his list of productions complete. Augustus Thomas is now at work upon a play which Mr. Williams will produce, and which is dominated by the single woman character which figures in the four acts. It is hinted that the prominent American actress who will be seen in this play is no other than Ethel Barrymore.

ARTHUR HOPKINS is mixing the grave and gay, the lively and severe with high daring this season. Already his first production, "A Very Good Young Man," by Martin Brown, who danced his way into the drama by way of the Casino and Winter Garden, has been given a successful première. Wallace Eddinger heads the cast which includes Edna Aug, Ada Lewis, Ruth Findlay and others in amusing characterizations of "N'Yoik's east side."

In September Mr. Hopkins will produce a bright comedy by Clare Kummer with Lola Fisher in the principal rôle. "Be Calm, Camilla," is the title of the new play, and it will be followed later in the season by another piece by Miss Kummer, which has not yet been christened. A happy alliance between Mr. Hopkins and John Barrymore has been concluded, by which Mr. Barrymore will be seen in October probably at Mr. Hopkins' pleasant Plymouth Theatre. Later Mr. Hopkins will present his new star in at least two new plays. In November Alla Nazimova will return to the Hopkins fold for rehearsals of a new piece in which she will probably be seen during the holiday season. Like Lionel Barrymore, Mme. Alla is hugging Ibsen to her bosom, and will probably close her season with a series of plays by the Scandinavian dramatist.

Great interest centers around Mr. Hopkins announcement of a new play by Percy MacKaye entitled "Washington, the Man Who Made Us," in which patriotism, drama and literature are all lifted to the nth power. MacKaye calls his new form a "ballad play," but it is not written in metrical form. Over a hundred people are

Photos White

(Above) Act I.
The Hartmann family observes Grandfather's birthday with "the good old German customs," which include a cake-frosting of candle grease.

(Left) Act II.
The news of Teutonic perfidy in the sinking of the *Lusitania* is too much for Grandfather Hartmann, who expires with many Scripture quotations.

Blanche Yurka Charles Laite
Act III.
Billy Elton shows Elsa Hartmann her husband's secret correspondence with a German spy

Harrison Hunter Blanche Yurka Carl Anthony
Act III.
Karl Hartmann protects his wife from the threatened *schrecklichkeit* of the German agent

SCENES IN "ALLEGIANCE" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S

employed in its presentation, and there are sixteen so-called "scenes" and fourteen "transitions" in its swiftly moving action.

George M. Cohan is immersed in the writing of "something" which is a closely guarded secret. The two all-season successes produced by this organization, "A Tailor-Made Man," and "Going Up," will continue their careers. A new piece, "Three Faces East," is scheduled for early production at the Cohan and Harris Theatre. Later in the season "David's Adventure," a whimsical play by A. E. Thomas, which has already made a trial success will come to a prominent Broadway playhouse. Leo Ditrichstein will be presented in a new play, and so will Chauncey Olcott. Included in the plans of this firm are the usual Cohan Revue, a new comedy by the author of "Yes and No," "The Beautiful One," a musical piece by Rennold Wolf, Louis Hirsch, and other productions of magnitude.

Elliott, Comstock and Gest will make at least two big productions and offer a number of important plays of less massive proportions, as well as their annual "intimate" music-comedy. The first important novelty of their season is the sensational London musical success "The Maid of the Mountains," featuring oddly enough William Courtenay in a speaking rôle. In "Loyalty," which will be given an imposing production before the holidays with Phoebe Foster in the cast, Elliott, Comstock and Gest believe they have found the logical successor to "Experience." A sensational offering in preparation is the long-heralded "Aphrodite," with a wealth of scenic effects and more feminine loveliness than has been crowded into any play of recent years. T. Roy Barnes will be presented in "See You Later"; William Rock and Frances White will sing and dance in a piece not yet named. George Middleton and Guy Bolton have provided a new play called "The Cross," of which much is expected. Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer have captured the prize plum of creating the principal rôles in the yearly Princess Theatre production which will be an intimate musical comedy with an "Oh," title like its predecessors "Oh, Boy," and "Oh, Lady! Lady!!"

Already Captain Charles B. Dillingham has opened the Hippodrome with the usual massive show in which the unusual and equally massive comedian DeWolf Hopper is surrounded by several tons of scenery and a company including Houdini, Belle Story, Charles Aldrich, Arthur Geary and other favorites. Julia Sanderson, Joseph Cawthorn and Clifton Crawford will be seen by and bye with Doyle and Dixon in a new comedy of which much is expected. Late in August "Jack O'Lantern" will take Fred Stone to Chicago for a run after which Boston will capture that versatile comedian. Thomas A. Wise will be presented by Captain Dillingham early in September in a new comedy which Mr. Wise and Harrison Rhodes have written in collaboration.

The plans of Henry Miller are not fully matured, but it is certain that the beautiful theatre in Forty-third street bearing the manager's name will be the scene of a number of interesting events. H. V. Esmond, A. E. Thomas and Langdon Mitchell have already delivered new plays to Mr. Miller for production and at least one of these will be presented during Miss Ruth Chatterton's first annual engagement at Henry Miller's theatre. Mr. Miller will, of course appear in his own theatre.

The Selwyn company with three new theatres under construction, have many important irons in the fire. Much is expected of Jane Cowl with her new play, "Information, Please," in which she collaborated with Jane Murfin. "Information, Please," will be at home to all telephone subscribers at the new Selwyn Theatre early in September, directly after the première of Avery Hopwood's new farce, "The Double Exposure," at a Broadway theatre. Later on a new play, "The Crowded Hour," by Channing Pollock and Edgar Selwyn will be seen on Broadway, and the new Times Square Theatre and the third of the Selwyn trio of new playhouses will be thrown open with attractions of high order.

In conjunction with Adolph Klauber, the Selwyns will present "Helen With the High Hand," with Estelle Winwood as the fascinating heroine of that Arnold Bennett story. Other productions will be announced before the holidays by this firm.

The plans of Henry W. Savage are not ready at present for publication, nor will Mr. Savage make any definite decisions as to his later productions until "Head Over Heels" brings Mizzi Hajos to Broadway.

A feature of this season's dramatic activities is the fact that several young firms have chosen this as the psychological moment for entering the producing field. Conspicuous among these newcomers, is Joseph Klaw, son of the head of the firm of Klaw and Erlanger. Mr. Klaw has a number of offerings "up his sleeve," but following the tradition of his father's firm makes no definite statement of his plans other than to point with commendable complacency to his first offering, an unusual comedy featuring Forrest Winant which had a successful première at Asbury Park recently and which will doubtless come a-knocking at the door of a New York theatre before the snow flies. "Jack" Welch, long identified with the enterprises of Cohan and Harris, heads a new firm of producing managers whose initial offering, "The Kiss Burglar," was the first of the summer successes on Broadway and which will be presented by three companies throughout the country during the approaching season. "Smart Aleck," a farce by James Montgomery is already in preparation and will be followed by a Western play, "The Border Legion," and another drama "Two Avenues," of which pleasant prophesies are floating out of the ether. Bert Feibelman also a graduate from the Cohan and Harris school of dramatic management has also entered the producing field "on his own" and will be heard from loudly before cold weather.

Maxine Elliott and William Faversham have already thrown down the gauntlet to all actor-managers. Their career as a producing firm was happily inaugurated at Maxine Elliott's theatre early in August with "Allegiance."

ELSIE OF THE U. S. A.

By PRIVATE ANDREW ARMSTRONG

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

In olden times it took a maid all dressed in armor bright
To rally fighting men in France and put pep in the fight.

She rode a horse and flashed a sword, and all that sort of thing,
To brace a groggy nation that was reeling in the ring.

She put it over properly, and still we sing her praise—
But that was just old-fashioned war, the brand of yesterdays.

We're fighting bigger battles now, we've got a tougher job;
A man can't be a slacker, and he mustn't be a slob.

We haven't any Joan, and we wouldn't let one stay
In trenches where the boys hold the fighting line to-day.

She couldn't ride her gee-gee through the wire in No Man's Land——

White

ELSIE JANIS

No; we have to have a "shero" of distinctly modern brand.

So, we've got our Elsie Janis from the good old U. S. A.,
Who's come across the sea to root for fighting men to-day.

She brings the Yankee spirit and she brings the Yankee grit,
And a chap who's ever seen her won't neglect to do his bit.

She comes with joy and laughter and she spreads the sort of stuff
That puts the mustard in us while we nail the Kaiser's bluff.

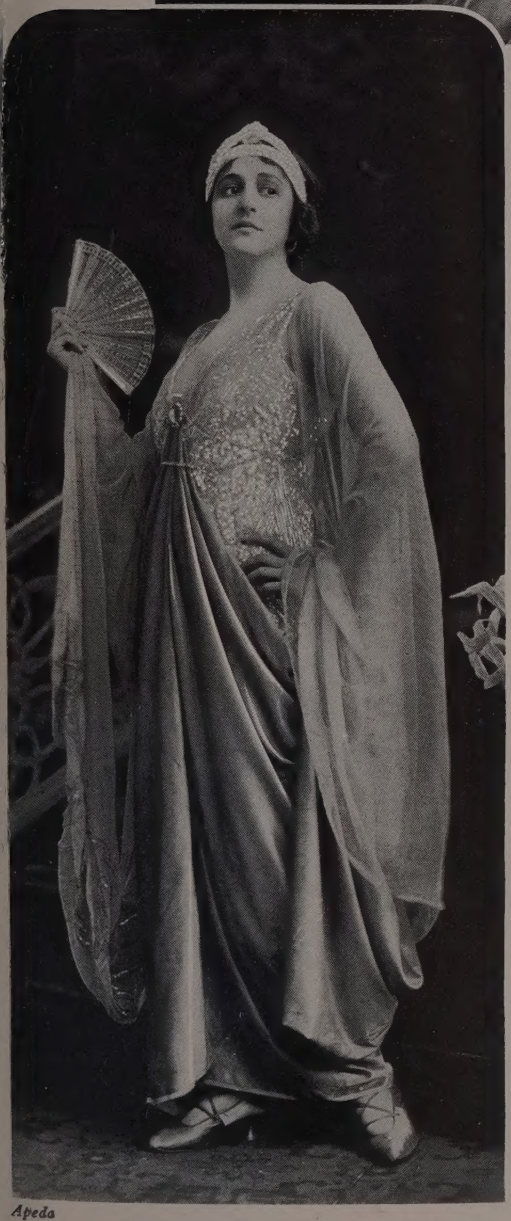
She comes with jazz and joking and a big Hip! Hip! Hooray!—
Here's to you, Elsie Janis, of the good old U. S. A.

Here's to you, Elsie Janis, here's a double health to you;
We'll say when we have finished up:
You helped us put it through.

Fairchild

MARIE DORO

After a long absence in filmland, Miss Doro, fresh from her screen triumphs, returns to the stage as the star of "The Amazing Interlude," a dramatization of Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel



Apeda

SIDONIA ESPERO

Much is expected of this new prima donna who is to appear at the Casino in the London musical success, "The Maid of the Mountains"

MARJORIE PATTERSON

Those who remember Miss Patterson's admirable impersonation of Pierrot, will be glad to know that she is to be seen again on Broadway this season

BRIGHT LIGHTS IN COMING ATTRACTIONS

A PAGE FROM YESTERDAY

WHEN BELASCO STARTED OUT FOR HIMSELF. THE CRUSADE AGAINST WOMEN'S HATS IN THE THEATRES. AN ANTI WAR TIME DEAD-HEAD TAX

WHAT kind of a season is it going to be? This is the annual autumn query, and there are usually as many answers as there are questioners. In the theatrical world, September has come to be the month of prediction and production.

The managerial mind tends to pessimism in print. While producers are rushing madly about all day, casting and rehearsing and staging as though they expected the season to be a whopper for business, they are apt to grow subdued in the face of an interview. They don't want to commit themselves too far.

There's the war, of course. And the movies, to be sure. And the increased cost of living, indubitably.

Heads are shaken.

But cheer up!

Heads were shaken back in 1895.

And one manager sighed and said: "I don't look for much of a season. Go up on the avenue any evening and watch the cycling procession. That tells the story. One half the population of New York is on wheels. What chance will the theatre have?

In a few years, you can substitute aeroplane for bicycle, and use the same sigh.

DURING the summer of 1895, Nat C. Goodwin toured through rural England on a bicycle.

* * *

IT was "David Belasco, Stage Director, Lyceum Theatre," in 1886.

* * *

DAVID BELASCO decided that he could go it alone in 1893. At that time, in an interview at Madison, Wis., he announced that he was through collaborating and that in future he would write his own plays. "'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' is the last piece in which I will appear as joint author," he said.

* * *

IT is a far cry from Urban to Agarthacus. Five centuries before the Christian era, Agarthacus, an estimable artist of Samos, wrote a learned treatise upon perspective, and he is mentioned by Greek historians as having painted scenes, obtaining illusory effects by means of painted shadows. Considering the advanced stage of the art shown by the work of the worthy Agarthacus, it is more than probable that there were others still earlier. He is the first of which there is record.

* * *

JULY 30, 1886, saw the hundredth consecutive performance of "Prince Karl," as presented by Richard Mansfield at the Madison Square Theatre.

* * *

BACK in '92, William S. Hart was playing Shakespearean rôles as the leading man in Mlle. Rhéa's company.

* * *

PRESENT at a Founders' Night of the Players in 1893: Edwin Booth, William Bispham, Augustin Daly, Joseph Jefferson, Brander Matthews, John Drew, Owen Fawcett and F. Hopkinson Smith.

* * *

MEASURED by results, 1862 was favorable for dramatists. Maeterlinck and Hauptmann both were born in that year.

* * *

IN the middle nineties, Walker Whiteside's press agent declared that the actor had a passion for autographs, and that he had collected the seal and signature of the mayor of every city he had appeared in during the preceding seven years.

* * *

IT seems only yesterday—actually it was in 1890—that Margaret Anglin, then a slender young girl fresh from her home in Toronto, went to the Empire Theatre every morning to be coached by Nelson Wheatcroft in the elements of acting. To-day—well you know what she is to-day—one of the leading actresses of the American stage.

* * *

IN 1903 Daniel Frohman gave it as his opinion that the day of the star system was over. He proved a false prophet. To-day more "stars" of mediocre quality are inflicted on the public than ever before in the history of the stage.

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT'S School of Acting is beginning to make a mark for itself," said an account published in 1886. "The institution is now three years old, and it has never been so substantial and so flourishing."

* * *

EDWIN BOOTH and Signor Salvini made their joint appearance at the Academy of Music, April 26, 1886, in "Othello," Salvini speaking the lines in Italian to Booth's English.

* * *

AFTER an announcement that Clyde Fitch had been chosen by Charles Frohman to rewrite "Mrs. Grundy, Jr.," the following eminently sound advice appeared: "Is it not about time that Clyde Fitch turned out a play of his own? 'A Modern Match' and 'Frederic Lemaitre' indicate that he is more than a brilliant promise. But leaving out of the question 'Beau Brummel,' the two failures, 'Pamela's Prodigy,' and 'Betty's Finish,' and the two plays mentioned above, he has attracted our attention simply as a tinker of other men's plays." This was in 1894.

* * *

WE are now so accustomed to seeing women remove their hats on the rise of the curtain that it is difficult to realize that only a few years ago women retained their hats throughout the performance—headgear so high and formidable that one had to go "over the top" to get a glimpse of the stage. To Daniel Frohman belongs the credit for doing away with this nuisance. There were angry protests of course. The ladies resented such rude masculine interference with a time-honored privilege, but finally public opinion compelled them to capitulate.

* * *

IN 1894, what was termed "the trend of amusement activities uptown" destroyed the usefulness of Chickering Hall, and it was remodeled as a studio and office building.

HISTORY can't always repeat itself, anyway. Back in 1893, a western theatre manager offered to donate 150 loaves of bread a day to the poor, if the municipal authorities would only permit him to keep open on Sundays.

* * *

IN 1893, Philadelphia theatres were enlisted in a movement to tax complimentary admission ten cents each for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. That was before the day of war taxes.

* * *

OFTEN in these days of charlatanism," wrote Fanny Davenport in 1886, "I feel like repeating the words of Goethe: 'Would the stage were a tight-rope, that none but skilled artists could venture thereon.'"

* * *

CHEER up! "Darkest Russia" was playing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, in 1894.

* * *

NORTHWARD the stars of Broadway take their course. Even by the middle nineties, the boundaries were different from those of to-day. There was more truth than poetry in the outburst of the versifier of that age who sang:

I like to watch the gaily dressed,
Parading down Broadway.
From Twenty-third to Thirty-third,
You'll see them any day.

—and then, after he had described some of the types of humanity, he finished with:

And now I've reached the farthest point
I care to, on Broadway;
It isn't right to go beyond—
Well—Forty second, say.

* * *

SAID a critic in the eighties: "Persons that notice Mr. Mantell's pronunciation of 'respite' seem to be of the opinion that the pronunciation he prefers is unauthorized. They are in error. Mr. Mantell, in accenting the second syllable, whether it be the noun or the verb, does so on the authority of no less a personage than Dr. Samuel Johnson. True, Mr. Mantell's authority is rather archaic, and furthermore, at least some of Johnson's contemporaries considered his accentuation incorerct, for Ash, whose dictionary was published during Johnson's lifetime, accented the first syllable, as all the orthoepists have for the last hundred years."

* * *

PINERO'S "Lady Bountiful" was given simultaneously in the fall of 1891 at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and the Boston Museum.

* * *

AMONG the members of the old Lyceum stock company on Fourth Avenue in the early nineties, few were more popular than Bessie Tyree, a comedienne with a briskness and art all her own. Miss Tyree is not acting any more, but one often sees her at the play, in company with her husband James Metcalfe, the well-known critic, watching other people act.

* * *

BARNUM'S parade hurt theatrical business all over town according to a New York news item of 1888.

Moffett

SHELLEY HULL

Appearing in "Under Orders," a play which is a distinct novelty as Mr. Hull and Effie Shannon are the only members of the cast

JANE COWL

Who will open the new Selwyn Theatre with her new play, 'Information, Please," in which she collaborated with Jane Murfin

Goldberg

ESTELLE WINWOOD

The heroine of "Helen With the High Hand," founded on Arnold Bennett's story, and to be produced by Adolph Klauber

White

VIOLET HEMING

In a new piece entitled "Three Faces East," which has already opened at the Cohan and Harris Theatre

OLD FAVORITES IN NEW PLAYS

THE PEOPLE, THE THEATRE AND THE WAR

No more room for the trifles of life in the acted drama of today

By CHARLOTTE WELLS
CO-AUTHOR OF "THE RIDDLE WOMAN."

A FEW days ago a magazine editor and a critic of plays were discussing the probable popularity of certain themes for present production, and it was suggested that at this moment the divorce comedy, the suffrage play and the feminist drama or satire should be entirely ruled out—the reason for this being that the great war had obliterated antagonism between the sexes and given new dignity to their relations. One or two cases being cited of tragic differences between couples who could not hope for reconciliation, it was whispered with bated breath that Death was divorcing too many husbands and wives for the law courts to have much to do after the war is over.

But just now, the world needing entertainment, the dramatist is not so much concerned with the tragedy of unhappy marriage as with its more humorous and adjustable differences.

Nor need we dwell on the more serious aspects of feminism and the suffrage question. The point is, does the sex war go on in spite of existing conditions—and is it still material for the playwright?

Fortunately, Reno has not been so busy with real grievances as with trifling incompatibilities, and it is with these that the divorce comedy has most often been concerned.

And are either men or women occupied with such small irritations in the face of great dangers and enforced separations?

LET us look at the matter from the every day standpoint and take our examples from the young men and women who are in action either at the front or at home—for after all, social questions begin and end with the problems of the younger generations—those below the middle age mark and within the age of service. The dramatist naturally chooses that period when his characters are young enough to be still open to temptation and subject to violent emotional crises.

It is astonishing how absence or danger changes the point of view toward one who has perhaps been a cause of irritation or hostility. Many a young wife who has chafed at her husband's want of success or lack of ambition—or the inertia which sometimes takes hold of one who has become discouraged—has been electrified in these days by the home coming of an apparently new man in khaki who remarks casually that he is going "over there" soon, and wishes it were sooner. Suddenly she realizes that his apparent flaccidity has been due to lack of opportunity or incentive, and that her own coldly expressed doubt of him may have tended to depress and keep him back. This is in itself a situation for a play—a sincere one, not a satire.

Another wife, who has been annoyed by what she regards as the brutal masculinity of her husband or his selfish love of physical comfort —now for the first time awakens to the fact that in marrying a real man, she has married a potential soldier—one who can fight gloriously, endure greatly, and laugh when he goes out to meet the Hun. When he throws his boots about and demands his dinner, she feels a pang at the thought of his certain privations in the trenches and the probability that he will have wet feet for the next three or four years and nobody near him to see that his socks are darned. For the first time his rough ways awaken tenderness, for is he not "her man," brave and strong who is going to the front to help protect the women and children of the world. All the sentiment of her early married life comes back and a new halo surrounds the service cap of her hero.

HERE we have the play of sentiment, and as a young British officer who was also an actor and a playwright once remarked to the writer of this article: "War is the most sentimental thing in the world." In a primitive and wholesome sense this is undoubtedly true and quite as it should be. Everything which involves danger, self sacrifice and courage, appeals to that universal sentiment which is the most potent thing in life—the mainspring of action in crowds as well as in individuals—and when the other evening, the face of a brave young French officer became puckered with emotion during the singing of *"The Star Spangled Banner,"* it occurred to the writer that a feeling like that—sympathetic—universal—brotherly—made the world a better place to live in, and the drama of the future visualized itself for a moment in her imagination. But we must not place all the responsibility on the woman.

On his side the man sees new charm in the home life which perhaps had seemed boring enough before the time came to leave it, and as he looks back on the petty disagreements which often sent him forth to club or cabaret, he blames himself for a brute and wonders what he can say in his next letter to make the little wife at home realize that he loves and longs for her. It is said that in the moment of going over the top, men have visions—actual ones—of those they have left behind them—and can we imagine that such moments are anything but tender and regretful, or that the young hero remembers aught against the woman who prays for him at home.

And after all we cannot shut out tragedy, for always the Great Reaper is busy and those who love and those who hate may not meet again this side of Eternity. But to leave this painful side of the sex question and study the effects of the war upon the more aggressive feministic element in our midst, and the necessity for an adjusted point of view on the part of the playwright. We all know that in England the militant forgot her wrongs the moment her country was in danger and proved her right to the vote by simply and courageously shouldering man's burdens and bidding him Godspeed as he marched away to the front.

IN this country the same thing is beginning to be obvious, for most of our club women are spending busy days and nights thinking of clothing and comforts for our boys and working like beavers to provide them.

This is one phase of the mother instinct which is so strong in most women, and it develops with extraordinary rapidity in such times as these—especially when it is called out by the demand for those things which only the labor and devotion of women can supply.

As the slim fingers roll the bandage or ply the knitting needles—the thoughts of the worker are all concentrated on the suffering and sacrifice of the boys who are so gladly laying down their lives that the world may be safe for women and children—and with pride—sometimes with shame—women remember that this dominant creature who often aroused antagonism by his supremacy, is now the hope and the defender of the world. But this thought is epic, not dramatic. It requires a modern Homer.

As we watch the couples on the Avenue—the girls and women leaning on the arms of lover, husband, brother or son—and note the fond pride with which they hang on every word and look of him who may in a few months be enroled among heroes living or dead—can we think for a moment that there is any longer a sex rivalry or a sex war? To fill his place at home—to do all that a woman may to hold up the hands of the government—to strengthen and sustain the hearts of those at the front—to shoulder the burdens of wage-earning and home-keeping—and in every branch of endeavor to prove that though women may not go into the trenches, they can be good soldiers nevertheless—is not this enough not only for our own day but for generations to come—proof enough that shoulder to shoulder—hand in hand—not in rivalry but in good fellowship, men and women may tread the rocky roads of life without breaking of bonds or trampling of each other in the dust.

THIS is the drama of the ideal. The brutality of war is restoring so many half forgotten things—so many primitive and cosmic impulses and sentiments.

Of late years there has not been too much evidence of that pride in motherhood which is one of the first of natural instincts—but now, who can hold her head so proud and high as the woman who sends forth three or four sons—perhaps more—to fight for liberty. Volumes have been written—sermons have been preached far and wide—plays have been produced and pictures flashed on the screen—all in the hope of awakening in the hearts of the women of our nation that same primitive longing—to little purpose. But in this terrible hour of the world's peril, there is no longer any need of such preachment—the cry for the man-child sounds across oceans and continents and rises to Heaven night and day—and the old women pray for those they have borne, and the young women realize as never before, that to bear and rear men children is their supremest pride and glory. And here is material for many human plays.

For the childless wife—the spinster—the grandmother whose babies are now grey headed —they are still "our boys"—and for everyone of them each woman may breathe a prayer—may knit and bandage and labor and plan to her heart's content. Don't let the playwright make fun of her—it is her life's opportunity. A common interest in such a bond—and those boys

Photo Goldberg

ROSHANARA

This picturesque dancer, last seen in "Sinbad," has joined the "Over There" Theatre League and will go to France shortly to dance for the boys in khaki

Photo Goldberg

Evan Burrows Fontaine in an Egyptian dance

Copyright Hixon Connelly

THESSALLY NILES DENISHAWN

A clever disciple of the well-known Denishawn School of Dancing, and who will shortly be seen in a new Broadway production

Photo Genthe

DESIREE LUBOVSKA

A new and talented terpsichorean artist who is appearing as leading danseuse in the new Hippodrome show ballet

TRANSPLANTING THE ORIENT TO BROADWAY

know that we are all thinking of them—glorying in their successes—shedding tears perhaps—but proud tears, when the cross of war is pinned to a breast which is still in death—or bestowed on one who is so shot to pieces that in the words of a great and faithful woman: "there is only enough left of his body to hold his brave soul," with hearts full of such thoughts, where are the women who want to keep on arguing as to their divine right to the first place in the universe.

After all, American men are willing enough to grant it to them at all times—and never so much as now—for are they not proving that it is theirs to protect their countrywomen from the perils which have overtaken the unhappy ones of Belgium and France?

Woman is the most precious thing in life to that much maligned man-creature who sits in mud up to his waist while he writes his letter home, and hopes that the weather has not been too trying for his wife's neuralgia. Perhaps after all, it is the uplift of a great and universal ideal which carries the souls of men and women far above the plane of sex rivalry and domestic strife.

To agree that there is one supreme object worth striving for—to work for it together, heart and soul and mind and strength—is to form a union which should last into the millennium and tend to bring it about. We are told that the men in action at the front are learning to believe in God and to pray. Face to face with the most awful realities, the spirit of man has risen above the limitations of the flesh and has had visions of the unseen.

And in the midst of the terrible struggle—the interdependence of men and women—the reality of love—the beauty of sacrifice—the sacredness of the home and the fireside—have all become part of that dream of the future which strengthens hands to fight—hearts to endure—the hope of mankind to survive the horror and devastation of war.

Perhaps in the end it will be worth the cruel sacrifice of blood and tears—perhaps a greater race of men and women will follow the path to the stars with happy hearts—perhaps the sturdy children of the future will place a new crown of glory on the brow of motherhood—and men will arise from the graves of the fallen, who in power, in greatness, in chivalry, will appeal to the hearts of women which have grown strong with suffering, patient with long pain—sweet and fragrant in their unselfish love as the flowers which spring up again on the battle-scarred fields of France. And perhaps great dramatists will spring up to depict these things—and great actors to play them.

Let us hope then that when this war is over, suffrage and divorce may be forgotten words—or only recalled as humorous illustrations of the decadence of society before the great conflict.

But to-day "Mere Man" God bless him, is fighting for all women, and it is safe to say that no real woman's hand is against him, and no real dramatist wants to satirize him.

JAKIE IS A MANAGER

A letter from Jake Bernstein, the Broadway producer to his pawnbroker friend

By HARRIET KENT

Dear Izzy:—

Yes, I've made good. I've forsaken the three balls of our Third Avenue pawnbroker shop for the stocking and buckskin—or whatever it is they call the insignia of the stage. For I'm a full-fledged manager now—no more appraising of sparklers for me. All I have to do in that line is sizing up the chorus girls. Haven't you seen my name all over town—"Jake Bernstein Presents" in every color of the rainbow? It's in small letters on the ash cans and in electric lights on Broadway.

I'll tell you why I made good, Izzy. I'm a good gambler. You remember the chances I used to take in our shop, don't you? Well, the game of the theatre is as much a game of chance as the pawnbroker's—and as much of a business. To this day I can't understand why these authors are forever prating about "art." There ain't no such animal on Broadway, Izzy.

I've got a scheme that makes every show I put on a safe bet. These playwrights who talk "art for art's sake" till they're blue in the face, only care to see their "brain children" produced. So I oblige them—and keep most of the royalties for myself. Surely that's as much as they can ask, and I'm in this business to make money—not for art.

Then there's these boobs with bushels of money who can't spend it quick enough on some little nobody who can only look pretty. Here's where I come in. The girl must be made a star—and why not, provided there's enough money in back of her. And who's better able to set her up properly than yours truly? All I have to do is to see the color of the greenbacks. Then I put on a lavish production, with music, girls—not forgetting the mainstay of every show—lingerie. My press agent does the rest. He (the agent) was formerly a Coney Island barker. When his voice gave out he started using his pen, and didn't one of those wise guys say that "the pen is mightier than the voice?" You remember my show, "Say, Kid?" That was put on just to please a pretty face, and I cleared half a million on it. But it was hardly worth it. The show was all right—but the star! She might have ruined my reputation as a manager. Every time that girl opened her rosebud mouth to sing the audiences fidgetted for their hats. I didn't blame them.

You know about those fellows called dramatic critics. They're always arguing with each other in the daily press about "the art of the theatre." Since I've gone into the show business the sound of that word gives me the nightmare. These scribblers are like the morning after the night before. Whenever I put over a swell little show, and the first night audience is tickled to death with it, in the next morning's paper the critics are sure to say it is fierce. "Shocking," "a shameful exhibition of near nudity," is what they fling at me. But I should worry, Izzy. That only makes the crowds rush to the box-office for seats. Then if the show gets past the police, I get into the good graces of the critics by giving them passes for their sisters, cousins and aunts.

Yes, it's a great business, Izzy—and a good deal like the pawnbroker's. You don't think so? Well, listen to me and you'll be convinced.

An actress has something to sell—her services. I have to buy them at the least possible cost, like all good business men do. She thinks they're worth a whole lot more than they are (you can't imagine how conceited these players are). No other manager has a play to suit her requirements and rather than be "at liberty" all season or suffer the next best, which is going into the movies, she accepts. Isn't that just the same as when one of these poor guys must get rid of his watch and chain and has to sell it to the pawnbroker at the latter's price?

I tell you, Izzy, there's one thing that worries me nowadays and that's the salary we have to give to chorus girls. The good lookers, I mean, not the ones that sing. I'd like to know who put "chorus" in chorus girl—there is no similarity between the two. If they do sing at all, it's always out of chorus. But it isn't necessary for these girls to sing—all they have to do is dance a little and look pretty.

Long ago we paid them $25 per, but nowadays they are at such a premium that to have a real beauty as a member of the cast you must deposit as high as $100 in her weekly envelope. Awful, isn't it? As if those girls could help having pretty faces and graceful curves.

Last year I discovered a "model of pulchritude" as they say in the newspapers. She came from Oshkosh—used to be a dairy maid. You'd never think it looking at her, though—a real Astorbilt as to poise. Well, she made a hit all right. Everybody in the audience talked about her on the way out of the theatre—second from the right, she was. Now another manager has spotted her, and to retain her I've had to raise her salary from $35 to $100 per. When I think that used to be a week's profit in our shop, it almost breaks my heart Izzy.

One thing I've been spared. No one comes to interview me about my ideals. Everybody knows I haven't got any. I give the public fun and laughter and gaiety. Mostly I give them girls. That's what they want. If I were to give them art I'd be in the poor house. Maybe I'd have to hock some of the clothes we used in last year's show.

That wouldn't be a bad idea, anyway. There's a lot of stuff that would bring you good money, Izzy. Come over and we'll talk business. It'll seem like old times. And if we come to terms I'll give you a box for the missus—and all you'll have to pay is the war tax.

JAKIE.

P. S. If the office boy won't let you in, just knock him over.

From a portrait by White

MARY NASH

"I. O. U." is the title of the new play by Willard Mack and Hector Turnbull in which Broadway will see this popular emotional actress. Her success in "The Man Who Came Back," in which she played for ninety-seven consecutive weeks, is still a vivid theatrical memory

NEW YORK'S FAMOUS POLICE BAND

Patriotic drives receive great stimulus through our popular blue-coated musicians

By WALTER T. HOWE

AMONG the world's famous military bands, the Band of the French Garde Républicaine and the Band of the English Coldstream Guards are the best known. America is only just awaking to the fact that music plays a very important part in raising and preserving the morale of the soldier, especially in times of war. The truth of this is now so generally recognized in official circles that steps have already been taken looking to the organization of permanent military bands as a regular part of the United States Army.

Meantime, private initiation and enterprise has helped to meet the constant demand. Bands, semi-official and otherwise, have been organized in all parts of the country, the largest and perhaps best known being the Naval Reserve Band, of which the celebrated Sousa is bandmaster.

In New York we have the Police Band, of which we have every reason to be proud. This band has seen considerable service, both in parades and concerts, and during the recent Liberty Loan Drives, Red Cross parades, drives and carnivals, War Savings Stamps Drives, and drives for recruits for Tank Service and Marine Corps Service, has played at as many as five different places a day.

The band appeared recently at the Waldorf-Astoria and played at a dinner given to "The Blue Devils." It also played at the Century at the celebration of the anniversary of the entrance of Greece into the war.

IT was the Police Band that led the National Guard down Fifth Avenue before its departure last year and on many occasions it has acted as escort to regiments and drafted men, leaving to go *"Over There."* Incidentally it was the first band to play that popular American air.

Recently, it has been given an opportunity to show music lovers of New York, what it can do in concert work, by playing at park concerts on Saturdays and Sundays during the summer months.

The Police Band of the City of New York was organized seventeen years ago—July 5th, 1901, to be exact. The idea of organizing such a band was first conceived by a few patrolmen attached to the East 51st Street Police Station, then known as the 24th Precinct. The idea spread throughout the department and on June 17th, 1901, a preliminary meeting was held at Meyer's Pavillion, foot of East 84th Street, where seventeen patrolmen met to discuss the matter. After fully discussing the project, Patrolman George Clemens (now deceased), then attached to the East 51st Street Station was selected as President temporary, and adjournment was taken to meet again on June 27th, 1901, at the old 71st Regiment Armory, the men being told to bring whatever instruments they had or could obtain before that time.

Prof. De Donato, of the Catholic Protectory Band, was instructor for about one year and a half, being succeeded by George Fuller, of Troop A Mounted Band. Later the services of Prof. Fanciulli, formerly instructor of the Marine Band at Washington, were secured. He remained with the Police Band until he left to take a band to the St. Louis Exposition. The Police Band then secured the services of Prof. John George Frank, for many years a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra and formerly conductor of the 12th Regiment Band which took a prominent part in the concerts at "The Mall," Central Park. Prof. Frank was held in high favor by all with whom he came in contact. For nine years he continued as Instructor of the Police Band and the band's present proficiency is largely the result of his careful training. Chester W. Smith succeeded Prof. Frank and through his ability and personal popularity has succeeded in placing the band as one of the foremost in the country.

THE organization was maintained for the first four years at the members' own expense, and then permission was given the band to hold an entertainment and reception at the old Grand Central Palace, Lexington Avenue and 43d Street, the proceeds to be used to defray the running expenses. Since that time, annual entertainments have been held, and while results have been good, great expense has been incurred in the purchase of better equipments. At the last entertainment twenty-five per cent. of the receipts were turned over to the Police Commissioner to be used in the welfare of members of the department who enter the National Service, the sum amounting to $1,004.

In October, 1913, permission was granted to the members of the band to take two days' leave to enable them to go to Philadelphia to assist the Philadelphia Police in their parade and to perform at field games held at Shibe Park, for the benefit of the pension fund. From this trip the sum of $61,000 was realized. Again in April, 1914, similar permission was granted to make another trip to Philadelphia to participate with the Philadelphia, Newark and Jersey City Police Bands in a massed concert at Convention Hall. On this occasion $19,000 more was turned into the pension fund.

THE Police Band made its first great hit when in 1915 it was allowed to make the trip to Albany, to participate at the inauguration of Governor Charles S. Whitman. In 1917 the band was permitted to again participate at the inaugural parade and act as honor escort of the Governor from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol. In the evening it appeared at the Armory where the Inaugural Ball was held.

The Police Band has among its members several talented composers of music, the foremost among them being Sergeant Otto C. Schasberger, of the 14th Precinct. Sergeant Schasberger is the author of a march which he named *"Ourselves,"* song, *"Queen of Mulberry Bend," "The Land of the Red, White and Blue,"* waltz, *"Bridal Blossoms,"* and a very pretty two-step and march which he named *"Miss Columbia."* His last great number is *"The U. S. Rainbow Division March,"* which is being played by every Army and Navy Band here and abroad, as well as all other musical organizations.

Another composer who has made great success with his first composition is Patrolman William F. Barmbold, of Traffic C, who wrote and dedicated to the Women's Motor Corps of America, the *"Motor Corps of America March."*

Lieutenant Floyd B. Pitts of the Detective Bureau, who was one of the organizers of the band, has just begun his seventh term as President of the organization.

The Glee Club of the Police Department was organized in the fall of 1915, shortly after the death of late Chaplain Father Francis J. Sullivan, when a quartette consisting of four members of the police department rendered the singing at the requiem mass.

The order was sent to every precinct requesting any member of all ranks desiring to become members of the Glee Club to send his name to the Chief Inspector's office. To this about 140 members of the force responded. The applicants were then notified to report at St. George's Men's Club, No. 207 East 16th St., at a subsequent date, after which they were put through a rigid test of their voices by Charles L. Safford, Director of the St. George's Choir. After this test the director placed each man in the part he was best fitted for to sing in, such as first tenor, second tenor, first bass or second bass. After this was done the club was able to secure voices good enough for to have 108 members of all ranks consisting of the following: one lieutenant, four sergeants, one hundred and three patrolmen; they were divided into the following parts, 28 first tenors, 30 second tenors, 33 first bass, 17 second bass.

THE Glee Club had not appeared in public before January 1st, 1918, except on three occasions—the memorial held at the Metropolitan Opera House in April, 1916, at a town meeting held at Carnegie Hall (known as Police Night) and also at another town meeting held at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the fall of the same year. At the beginning of the drive for the Third Liberty Loan a request was made for the service of the Glee Club and the club sang at the steps of the subtreasury building, Wall Street, April 24th to a crowd of 20,000 people.

On May 1st the club again appeared at the Liberty Bell at City Hall and sang for about two hours. From that time on the club appeared almost every day at different places singing for the Liberty Loan. On the last day the members sang at the Union League Club. It has also given entertainments for the sick sailors at the Naval Hospital in Brooklyn and for the men at the Y. M. C. A., K. of C., Masonic Order, St. John College in Brooklyn, Columbia Base Hospital, Bronx, Methodist Church, Police Reserves of the different precincts.

The police band at the Capitol, Albany, during the inauguration of Governor Charles S. Whitman

The Police Band Glee Club which has rendered patriotic service during recent Liberty Loan Drives

NEW YORK'S "FINEST" IN THE MORE GENTLE RÔLE OF MUSICIANS

CHARLES MOESSER TERRILL

A SAILOR SCORES IN ORIENTAL DANCES

IN "Leave It to the Sailors," a musical comedy, recently produced at the Chicago Auditorium, Charles Moesser Terrill, of San Francisco, who had danced professionally before his enlistment in the Navy, did an East Indian dance that created a sensation. Completely out-Orientaling every Oriental on the stage, he danced in black face draperies, ablaze with brilliants. It was a subtle, exquisitely feminine, senuous thing. Everyone connected with the production is an enlisted man in the United States Navy. The authors are Chaplain Charles W. Moore and David Wolff. The music and lyrics are by Seaman James O'Keefe. The critics declared it musically and dramatically "The best thing done since the 'Chocolate Soldier,'" well-staged, and superbly costumed.

Two acts and a revue were set on the main deck of a United States battleship sailing the danger zone. A submarine is sighted pursuing a sister ship. Gunners spring to their machines and make them talk well. Half-drowned victims, limp females, heroines, heroes, and comedians are brought aboard and a chorus of uniformed sailors come on in battalions. In the final tableau, they form the giant letters "U. S. N." It was a triumph of patriotism and song.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

HUDSON. "FRIENDLY ENEMIES." American comedy drama in three acts by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman. Produced July 22, with this cast:

Walter Stuart	Felix Krembs
Nora	Natalie Manning
Marie Pfeifer	Mathilde Cottrelly
June Block	Regina Wallace
Karl Pfeifer	Louis Mann
Henry Block	Sam Bernard
William Pfeifer	Richard Barbee

WHEN a play both entertains and serves a worthy cause the stage may be said to have fulfilled its highest mission. Never as now, at this supreme crisis in the life of the nation, at this anxious moment when civilization itself totters on the brink of the abyss, has the dramatist been afforded such an opportunity to do his "bit" for the deliverance and uplift of his race.

There have been war plays in plenty, but none of them were quite as much to the point as "Friendly Enemies." Messrs. Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman have profited by their opportunity. They are skilful benefactors in that they make you laugh while they inculcate some wholesome truths that every intelligence can understand. They have by no means produced a masterpiece. Their play is crude and conventional in construction, often commonplace and trite in dialogue. But it has what most other plays lack. Extraordinary circumstances have breathed a soul into this very ordinary clay, and given it a human quality that makes a potent appeal. Few of those having sons serving abroad can witness it dry-eyed. For this reason, it will make a stronger impression on the great mass of theatregoers than a play of higher literary pretensions would have done. It is a smashing answer to all the miserable lies and damnable scheming of the traitorous pro-German propagandists, of which there are still too many at large in this country.

Karl Pfeifer and Henry Block are both natives of Germany and naturalized American citizens. They have prospered in the United States and raised families under the benevolent folds of the Stars and Stripes. But while Block is undivided in his new allegiance and loud in condemnation of the Hun, Pfeifer still remains German at heart and hopes to see the Kaiser win. The two old friends are constantly at loggerheads, Block doing his best to make Pfeifer see the folly of his course, but the old man is obstinate and contributes $50,000 to a secret German fund. The money is ostensibly for propaganda but is really used to destroy American transports. Meantime, unknown to his father, Pfeifer's son has left college and enlisted in the army. His regiment sails on the very ship which the spies have planned to blow up. When the terrible news comes Pfeifer is overwhelmed. His eyes are suddenly opened to the German menace and he devotes his energy forthwith to the triumph of the Allies.

It would be difficult to find actors better suited to their respective rôles than Louis Mann as old Pfeifer and Sam Bernard as Henry Block. Both these popular comedians have made a specialty of German dialect and it serves them well in this instance. Mr. Mann's characterization is the more finished and more satisfying of the two. It is, of course, the more important part, with more shade and contrasts. Mr. Mann is admirable throughout and very convincing in the pathetic scene where his obstinacy makes him refuse to bid his boy good-bye. Mr. Bernard is funny as always, but his humor is of the more obvious order. He is a little too anti-German for a native born German. It does not ring quite true. The rest of the cast were adequate.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "ALLEGIANCE." Play in three acts by Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy. Produced August 1, with this cast:

Mr. Hartmann	Carl Sauerman
Karl Hartmann	Carl Anthony
Max Hartmann	Charles Meredith
Elsa Hartmann	Blanche Yurka
Albert Perry	Charles Hampden
Anna Perry	Evelyn Varden
Count Von Geier	Harrison Hunter
Billy Elton	Charles Laite
Gottlieb	Charles Kraus
Minna	Margery Lytle
Karlchen	William Read, Jr.

IN "Allegiance" we have another anti-German propaganda play. A youth of German blood, but American birth, is an ardent patriot. His father, a powerful banker, is all Teuton. The father's father, who was born in Germany, oddly enough sides with the grandson. The sinking of the *Lusitania* sends the lad into the British army and thus gives the grandsire his death-blow.

The third and last act develops into a rather tense bit of spy melodrama, wherein a distracted wife shoots open a drawer and takes from it "the papers" which her husband—for some reason not knowing that they listed the traitors in the United States Army—was about to deliver to the cunning emissary from Potsdam.

When the boy comes home blinded by a Prussian surgeon, almost everybody is ready to concede that the Allies are more or less in the right.

"Allegiance" suffers from the fact that most of it is only mildly dramatic narrative. The dialogue is generally both stilted and trite, and the characterizations are either stereotyped or incredible.

The acting is generally better than the play, honors going to Charles Meredith, as the grandson; Harrison Hunter, as the Potsdammer, and Carl Anthony and Blanche Yurka, as the boy's father and mother.

PARK. "MOTHER'S LIBERTY BOND." Melodrama in four acts, by Parker Fisher. Produced August 7, with this cast:

Hubbard Holmes	Charles Foster
Hannah Trumbull	Carrie Lowe
Johnathan Bond	Richard Castilla
Peter Stanhope	Charles B. Stevens
Alonzo Phelps	Royal C. Stout
Adele Bond	Gilda Leary
Alf Trumbull	Edward Mackay
Suzanne Gilkrist	Adeline Warwick
Sheriff Stone	George La Tour
Earl Phelps	Charles C. Wilson
Gov. Horace Bancroft,	Frank W. Taylor
An Orderly	Joseph Williams
A Sergeant	Bernon Adams
A Private	Louis D. Post
A Captain	John Bostock

A GOOD cause justifies much. "Mother's Liberty Bond," was produced to help a fund to provide smokes for our soldiers.

It proved to be a fairly incredible production—incredible as to plot and characters, situations and dialogue, acting and direction. If you had not actually seen it, you would not have believed that it could achieve presentation in New York above Fourteenth Street.

For it was melodrama of the old school—the old high school, one might almost say. It so abounded and overflowed with lofty sentiments that of its three villians only the one that was made in Germany could withstand the benignant in-

fluence to the end. At almost any moment a villian was liable to be converted.

Acting quite as extraordinary as the play, was done by all parties concerned, including Gilda Leary and Adeline Warwick as the sheroes and Edward Mackay as the hero. The best part of the whole business is that the boys "over there" will get the tobacco and not have to see the show.

LONGACRE. "THE BLUE PEARL." Comedy-drama in three acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner. Produced August 8, with this cast:

Rolling Chair Boy	E. H. Bender
Wilfred Scott	William David
Angelica Topping	Dorothy Klewer
Hooper McHugh	G. Oliver Smith
Mrs. H. Augustus Topping,	Annie Hughes
Major H. Augustus Topping,	J. Palmer Collins
Holland Webb	Orlando Daly
Sybil Kent	Julia Bruns
Laura Webb	Grace Carlyle
Stokes	Hubert Druce
Stephen Drake	George Nash
Alexander Petrofsky	Charles Angelo
Madame Petrofsky	Yolande Duquette
Footman	Lyman Fink
Penrose Kent	Perce Benton
Ellis	Frederick Kaufman
Monahan	H. B. Tisdale
Mason	Thomas Borden
Mrs. Coombs	Amelia Hendon

THE BLUE PEARL" is a rather skilfully constructed jigsaw puzzle play, but without thrills or fascination. It closely parallels "The Thirteenth Chair," the crime this time being theft instead of murder.

Some of the important characters in the piece are a bad lot. They week-end at Atlantic City regardless of the fact that they are married to other people. We catch a glimpse of some of their goings-on in a perfectly unnecessary prologue, called "Introductory."

Thereafter everybody assembles at a dinner party, and the pearl is stolen when during a hypnotic experiment the lights suddenly go out. Then the police commissioner arrives and sets about solving the mystery. After a good deal of sherlockholmesing with fingerprints and a magnifying glance, he decides to have the gang searched—which, I should think, he would have naturally done in the first place.

The first act is devoted to establishing motives for the theft in the case of six or seven of the characters. In the second act the felony is committed, and attention is focused on one possible thief after another In Act. III. the guilty one is discovered, and the matrimonial complications are adjusted. To follow all of which is never more than mildly engrossing.

George Nash's simple and direct method makes the sleuthy commissioner a credible figure. The action, however, centers about Julia Bruns, who proves a very engaging vampire lady. I should say that we should be likely to see a good deal more of Miss Bruns in the future it I did not vividly recall the gown she wears throughout the play and realize the impossibility of my prediction. At any rate, in appearance at least she is reminiscent of the youthful Maxine Elliott.

Good acting was also contributed by Annie Hughes, Hubert Druce, Grace Carlyle, and others.

ASTOR. "KEEP HER SMILING." Comedy, in three acts, by John Hunter Booth. Produced August 5, with this cast:

Mr. Donovan	Byron Russell
Mr. Theodore Brackett,	De Witt C. Jennings
Henry Trindle	Mr. Drew
Mr. Storer	Ivan Christy
Stella Goodwin	Daisy Rudd
Grapely	John H. Dilson
Mr. Bland	John M. Washburne
Marie	Rosanna Allison
Polly Trindle	Mrs. Drew
Jim Merriweather	Lincoln Plumer
Myra Merriweather	Maidel Turner
Bentley	Charles Mylott
Mr. Wainwright	William T. Hays
Mr. Welburn Otis	W. A. Whitecar
Prulliere's Man	Joseph Landes
Middleton's Man	Stanley Mortimer
William Sampson Truscott,	Page Spencer

THE chief interest in this production that braved the caloric terrors of midsummer, centres around Sidney Drew who after enjoying several years of great popularity in movie land has returned to woo his first love—the legitimate stage. It is no secret that Sidney Drew, when acting in the life, never scored nearly as heavily as he has done on the screen. It is interesting to note what improvement, if any, the technique of the film and a long course of study of the art of pantomime has done for his histrionic equipment.

"Keep Her Smiling," is a farce-comedy illustrating the well-known fact that the way to be prosperous (on the stage) is to be highly extravagant. The more you spend, the more comes in. And if you can manage to throw away $6,000 in one evening, you are sure to be a millionaire next day.

In this new piece, as in his familiar one-reel comedies, Sidney Drew is the weak uxorious husband. Mrs. Drew, of course, Polly to his Henry—in this case a loving spouse, who requires a good deal more than a humble cashier's salary to keep her smiling.

When Henry chances to be made a dummy director in a new corporation, without emoluments other than one share of stock, Polly at once goes in for player-pianos, automobiles, and opera stars for her housewarming. Then while Henry has visions of himself departing as a missionary, Fortune, the sympathetic jade, seeing his willingness to keep his wife smiling at any price, confers on him the Midas torch.

It is a mildly engrossing and amusing, if an occasionally thin and often extravagant play. Mingled with the comedy of business there is the comedy of social advancement. But alongside of "A Tailor-Made Man," its closest recent parallel, "Keep Her Smiling" seems a bit tame.

Mr. Drew's artistry makes the meek clerk and adoring husband a real figure, compounded of, usually genuine humor and pathos. Mrs. Drew is satisfying in the unexacting rôle of the childish wife. Others in the cast who distinguished themselves are DeWitt C. Jennings, as a woman-hating broker, and Lincoln Plumer, as a sort of first-aid neighbor. The rest of the cast—twenty-nine in all—makes up in quantity for what it lacks in quality.

WINTER GARDEN. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1918." Annual fall revue in two acts and fourteen scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz. Produced July 25, with these artists:

Adele Astair, Olga Roller, Florence Elmore, Charles Ruggles, Frank Fay, Virginia Fox Brooks, Arthur Altro, Fred Astair, Louise Conti, Peggy Mitchell, Mary Booth, David Dreyer, Nell Carrington, Willie Howard, Isabel Rodriquez, Emily Miles, Isabel Lowe, Jessie Reed, Fawn Conway, and others.

THERE is getting to be much of a sameness about these perennial Winter Garden revues. Practically the only thing that changes each year is the date in the title. The show remains about the same—pretty girls, interlarded with more or less incoherent tableaux depicting timely topics, and archaic farce-comedy of a quality that makes one despair of the sense of humor of your modern librettist.

The girls are comely—there is no gainsaying that. You may think the privilege of gazing on their demure faces well worth the price of your seat. The "Bouquet of Winter Garden Beauties," a feature of Act I., is the very latest thing in exhibitions of female pulchritude.

Other features which may please are "The Hotel Gilt-more," a skit in which Adele Astair and Charles Ruggles made hits; a burlesque on "Salome," in which Virginia Fox Brooks takes the title rôle; "A London Air Raid"; a comedy entitled "Childs," in which Emily Miles appears as "Miss Wheatcakes," etc., etc.

(*Concluded on page* 176)

THE SQUAB FARM GIRLS

A travesty of the play of that name—a product of last season

FRED AND ADELE ASTAIRE

A vaudeville team of exceptionally clever dancers who scored one of the biggest hits of the show

(Below)
THE VAMPIRE GIRLS

Photos White

"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1918" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

TEMPERAMENT

Some differences between the artistic temperament and the temperamental artist

By MILDRED CRAM

TEMPERAMENT: What on earth is it? Passion, eccentricity, insanity or intelligence? To discuss it at all is playing with fire, since one-half of humanity regards temperament as a picturesque madness, while the other half cherishes the belief that temperament is simply an excuse for attractive iniquity.

Actors and actresses are always suspected of having temperament, because they claim to be artists. An artist, according to popular belief, is a devilish fellow. Art is supposed to create temperament—an exotic, unfamiliar and fascinating state of mind and morals found principally in studios and behind the footlights. And thanks to an hereditary distrust of all minstrels and vagabonding mummers, the public suspects, even while it acutely and often slavishly admires, the popular player. When the temperamental one errs, topples off the moral pedestal, transgresses, blackslides or otherwise falls, the public puts its finger to its offended nose and cries, "I told you so!"

The backsliding of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker is never so gratifying, for they go the way of all weak flesh, while the temperamental sinner justifies a popular tradition and subtly flatters the public intelligence. The press is to blame. If a greengrocer or a plumber leaves his wife or develops a passion for purple neckties, public opinion is not inflamed. Let a famous author, a talented painter or a great actor do the same thing and there is a howl of indignation.

WHAT did I tell you?" the Tired Business Man cries, looking up from his newspaper with an air of supreme justification. "These artistic fellows are always running amuck! Temperament! I tell you I distrust it!"

Of course. The word has been misused for nearly a generation, so that now temperament has come to mean a violent disposition and positively unbridled behavior. The word "artistic" has somehow attached itself to the epithet so that when the Tired Business Man hears of some one who is peculiar, erratic, damnable and fascinating, he credits him with an artistic temperament and lets it go at that. Charletans hide behind the popular misbelief and every other would-be genius hooks a doting audience with the temperamental bait. When anything goes wrong it is easier to blame one's temperament than to hold one's intelligence and perception to account. Society girls who elope with chauffeurs, beautiful women who commit political murders, chorus girls and opera singers who delude gullible millionaires make themselves out the victims of a picturesque curse and trail their temperaments into court and sometimes, praise Allah, into jail. It is the fault of the press and of sentimental press agents if temperamental forgers, bigamists and card sharks are made to seem picturesque, pathetic and abused.

All truly great players—and there are scallywags and saints among them—are gifted with the artistic temperament, which is, after all, only a fine appreciation of the beautiful, a keen perception of color, sound and form, a delicate, unerring response to the vast music of the world and the ability to make artistic material out of life itself. The great actor who throws a coffee cup at his wife may have a bad temper, but bear in mind that temper is not temperament. If it were, the commonest bully could claim to be inspired.

Many great artists have been weak men, since artists are as human as greengrocers, policemen and plumbers. The scales balance evenly when you weigh the behavior of the world's artistic celebrities. The worst of them have never blamed their artistic temperament—that elusive quality of understanding which enables them to put the drab commonplaces of life into terms of beauty—for their mistakes; they realize that its possession is as much a matter of chance as a straight nose, a pair of good legs or a strong chin, and that without it all their knowledge, all their studied technique would go for nothing.

IT is possible to have an artistic temperament and to cut immoral capers. A sense of beauty is no guarantee of a sweet disposition. Yet genius is not responsible for torrid behavior. A man may be gifted by the gods and be a sensualist. Or he may have the artistic temperament and be thrifty, practical and sane. He may be inspired and yet live happily with his wife and be abysmally ignorant of the joys of Bohemia. Which only goes to prove that when we consider a man's art we must ignore his sins. The American public has a passion for personalities, an inexhaustible curiosity of the rocking-chair variety. It is more important to know what the artist eats, what he wears and how much he weighs than to inquire into his art.

Acting will never come into its own until the artistic temperament is recognized as a thing of the spirit, the gift, elusive and penetrating, of expression. Then perhaps it will cease to drape the indiscretions of fools and counterfeiters and will take its place as a radiant investiture.

The artistic temperament does not bring serenity, since a truly artistic person is necessarily nervous, volatile and sensitive, quick to give and recoil, easily tired, fluent, fastidious and impressionable. A great genius has to gain control of his temperament before he can bend it to the restrictions of his intelligence. He never uses it as an excuse for license or as a screen for weaknesses.

GRANTED that an actor or an actress has the artistic temperament, it does not stand to reason that they are temperamental. To be temperamental is to be emotional, which is quite another kettle of fish.

Mrs. Fiske, an actress of delicate artistic perception, could scarcely be called as emotional as Eva Tanguay, for instance. Mrs. Fiske achieves emotional effects by sheer force of intelligence. In "Leah Kleshna," you remember, standing by a door which she opened little by little she said, "I am going away" three times—the first time in a low voice, very *basso profondo*, the second time in the middle voice, the third time in an acute treble. The result was intellectually passionate, as emotional as the beating of sticks in Strauss' "Electra."

Richard Mansfield had the same brittle and precise method of depicting emotion. His "Prince Karl" stared like a glassy-eyed image under the stress of a broken heart. Yet there was always a hint of violent feeling in Mansfield's attitudes, as if the emotional dynamo were going full speed behind the expressionless mask.

Irving and Tree both had the artistic temperament but neither was temperamental. Irving ranted, clawed the air, and failed to produce a single unstudied, spontaneous emotion. Yet Grasso, who has no claim to the artistic temperament, contrives to send chills down the public back by the sheer audacity, the animal ferocity, the unrestrained fury of his acting.

Temperamental? So is Aguglia, so is Bernhardt, who bites the floor and shrieks like a maniac because, having learned how to act, she dares to be exuberant. So was Duse, who really suffered and really died in "La Giaconda," in "La Citta Morta," in "Francesca da Rimini." She was an artistic prodigal, an emotional spendthrift. So was Hanako, the Japanese actress who perished inch by inch before our eyes in an unforgettable drama of suicide and sacrifice.

THERE is no great emotional actor or actress in America to-day although there are many who have the artistic temperament. Nazimova is perhaps an exception. I can think of no other player who is so lacking in the dubious quality of restraint and repression. She is both fluent and emotional. The "light touch" has come into fashion with the Broadway "school." Skating on the thin ice of profound feeling without falling through has become the most popular parlor trick of the modern theatre. This facile skimming over the emotions—often charming and clever in itself—grew out of the national dislike of seeming to feel deeply. Human anguish, poignant and undisguised, is distasteful to American audiences who have got quite out of the habit of thinking at the theatre.

We do not like to see a baring of human hearts, and shrink from the sight of a dissected soul. Our playwrights, having carefully selected pleasant, improbable and palatable dramatic situations, have no trouble in casting their plays. There are any number of clever, pretty, well-bred young women and handsome, stalwart, self-contained young men to act the "Cinderella Man" concoctions made to order for them. If there were an American Ibsen or an American D'Annunzio, who on earth would act their plays? We have whimsical actresses, we have intellectual actresses, we have many actresses with charm, vivacity and spirit, but where is the woman who is impersonal, tragic, magnificent, the woman who can reach beyond our hearts into our secret thoughts and stir us to the soul, the temperamental woman, passionate, fearless and profound?

(Oval)

EMMY WEHLEN

The dainty and charming musical comedy favorite who is devoting herself untiringly to patriotic service. Her efforts have been expended on the Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamps Drives and for the various theatrical war benefits—with great success

Photo Hoyt

BEATRICE MAUDE

As a pert stenographer in "Seven Up," Miss Maude has scored the hit of the play. A dancer, a violinist, and a capable actress, she has come to the fore as a prominent member of the Portmanteau company

Photo Genthe

REIGNING BEAUTIES IN THE MIMIC WORLD

WAR IS HELL, BUT—

A dramatic episode in the trenches

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK

SCENE: *An American dugout in the neighborhood of the front-line trenches "somewhere in France." It is night and a trench lamp burns feebly, casting uncertain shadows upon the clayey walls. Three men, in officers' uniforms, are seated in various attitudes. They are in the midst of a heated argument, so heated, in fact, that they are utterly oblivious to their surroundings. They are a famous American playwright, a popular Broadway actor and a very rich New York theatrical manager.*

PLAYWRIGHT (*decisively*): There is no ground for argument, Shakespeare said it for all time: "The play's the thing."

MANAGER (*impatiently*): Bill Shakespeare said, "The play's the thing," because it was the thing to say. If he was living in New York to-day he would write the sort of plays I told him to write.

PLAYWRIGHT (*coldly*): I must confess that I don't follow you.

MANAGER (*putting cigar in his mouth and "registering" authority*): Then, get this, Son! Shakespeare was a commercial playwright. He was after the coin—just like you and me are after the coin. The public liked the sort of stuff that he handed 'em. They ate it up. You know that as well as I do. But, if it hadn't paid Bill Shakespeare to write that sort of stuff he wouldn't have written it. Bill was a wise guy. He sized up his audience and gave 'em what they wanted. I can't see that he was any different from Harold Bell Wright or Robert W. Chambers. Get me?

PLAYWRIGHT: No, I don't "get you," as you vulgarly call it. That kind of talk is degrading to say the least. What becomes of Art? What becomes of Idealism?

MANAGER (*bluntly*): I don't care a damn what becomes of 'em, but I do care whether a play is a success or a failure, and that's all that counts. Play-producing is a gamble anyhow, but it is up to me to pick as many winners as I can; otherwise you artistic guys wouldn't eat three meals per.

ACTOR: Where do I come in?

MANAGER (*brutally*): You don't—except when you get your cue from us. You don't amount to a tinker's damn any more.

ACTOR (*heatedly*): Is that so? Then, where do you think you'd have gotten off with "So Long, Madeline," if it hadn't been for me? What would have happened to "Oh, Joy," if I hadn't carried all the comedy on my own shoulders? (*turning to the playwright*) and I have saved two of your rotten plays from utter failure.

PLAYWRIGHT (*sneering*): Oh, is that so! Then, let me remind you Mr. Matinée Idol that if I hadn't written in a few lines out of sheer good-heartedness, just to help out a pal, you wouldn't have been in those plays at all. You were on your uppers when I got you booked.

MANAGER (*eating his cigar with relish*): Tush! Tush! You fellows make me sick with your chatter about whose responsible for the success of a play. I should like to know where any of you would get off if I didn't give you the bang-up productions that I do? "So Long, Madeline" cost me nearly $15,000 to produce, and it didn't run nearly as long as I expected (to playwright). I've produced a lot of your plays, not because they were good, but because I figured that your name would carry 'em and I wouldn't lose money.

ACTOR (*snorting*): And you didn't! You are too cold blooded to give a dying fish a breath of fresh air.

MANAGER (*with a sour grin*): Oh, I don't know!

PLAYWRIGHT (*evenly*): Don't lose your temper, "Matty." Some day, Fritz willing, you will be eating out of our hand.

ACTOR (*murderously*): Eating out of *your* hand! You hate yourself, don't you? If you had said eating out of *his* hand there might have been some degree of truth in your statement. God knows, we actors *do* have to eat out of the manager's hand, or else not eat at all. Until that happy days comes—the day of the actor-manager, when a man can still act and preserve his self-respect—we must expect to be snubbed by these butchers and bakers and candlestick makers who don't know the difference between Shakespeare and sciatica.

MANAGER (*nibbling venomously at his cigar*): Just for that, "Matty," I'll never give you a job again. I——

(*Enter a messenger in khaki, who looks excited. He approaches the three men and coughs. They pay no attention to him. He coughs again, but they are so engrossed in their conversation that they fail to hear him.*)

MESSENGER (*saluting*): I beg your pardon.

ACTOR (*angrily*): Good. I always thought your productions were punk, anyhow.

MESSENGER: Gentlemen, I——

PLAYWRIGHT (*slapping actor on the shoulder*): That's the stuff, "Matty." Be independent! Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. You just spoke of the actor-manager. That is a corking idea. You and I will get together and——

MESSENGER (*desperately*): Gentlemen, gentlemen! I——

ACTOR (*loftily*): Cease, boy! We are conversing!

MESSENGER (*wildly*): But——

PLAYWRIGHT (*petulantly*): Don't you see that we are engaged (*turning to actor*)? Now, as I was saying, we will form our own combination after this. I will write the plays and you will act in them. The firm shall be under your own name and——

MESSENGER (*yelling*): But you've got to listen to me! The Colonel says——

ACTOR (*bitingly*): Tush, boy, you annoy me!

MESSENGER: But——

MANAGER (*pointing*): That way out!

MESSENGER (*furiously*): I hope Fritz gets every damn one of you!

(*Exit Messenger. There is a dramatic pause. The three look at each other inquiringly.*)

MANAGER (*vaguely*): Fritz! What do you suppose he meant?

PLAYWRIGHT (*impatiently*): I don't care what he meant. But I do know that some day, Mr. Broadway Manager, we are going to put you out of business.

MANAGER (*tolerantly*): Who is "we"?

PLAYWRIGHT (*suavely*): A new liaison arrangement, whereby the star and the playwright will work out their own salvation, independent of YOU.

MANAGER (*smiling genially*): It can't be done, my boy! It simply can't be done!

ACTOR (*belligerently*): And why not?

MANAGER: Because it takes brains, and (*waving his cigar in their direction*), well, don't make me say it.

ACTOR (*rising threateningly and moving toward manager*): Why, you poor boob! For five centimes I'd——

PLAYWRIGHT (*hastily intercepting him*): Don't do anything rash, my dear fellow. Allow *me* to smash him.

MANAGER (*also rising*): What is this, anyhow? A mutiny?

(*They are all standing in tense attitudes when an Exponent of German Kultur suddenly bursts into the dugout with an automatic revolver in his hand.*)

E. OF G. K. (*in English*): Hands up!

ACTOR (*as they all elevate their hands*): He speaks English!

E. OF G. K.: Sure, I speak English. I lived in New York for ten years. I used to be a stage hand at the old Commercial Theatre on Forty-second Street.

MANAGER (*excitedly*): That was *my* theatre!

E. OF G. K. (*looking at him closely*): You don't mean—*Mein Gott!* If it ain't the Herr Manager himself!

MANAGER: I remember you now. You are Hans Gugglestopfken. I never could forget that name.

E. OF G. K.: Ja, that's my name! Well, well!

(*He drops his automatic and is trying to shake hands with the manager when an American Colonel enters with a file of men, all armed with Springfields. Hans makes a move toward his automatic, but the Actor puts his foot on it and the doughboys cover Hans with their Springfields.*)

HANS (*throwing up his hands*): Kamerad!

COLONEL (*briefly*): Take the swine away! (*Exit doughboys with the Hun.*) What were you fellows doing in here?

MANAGER: But——

COLONEL: There are no "buts" about it. Get me? This is France—not Broadway. You'll either obey my orders or go into solitary confinement.

ALL (*in chorus*): We'll obey you, Colonel!

COLONEL (*scowling at them*): Sherman was right, but there are worse things!

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CARL HYSON

The partner-husband of Dorothy Dickson can well stand on his own merits as a dancer

© Hixon-Connelly

RALPH MORGAN

Who is playing a leading rôle in "Lightnin'," which is soon to be seen in New York

© Hixon-Connelly

OTTO KRUGER

The popular young juvenile last seen here in "The Gypsy Trail," and to appear shortly in a new play

Abbe

NEIL MARTIN

Who holds the unique job of actor-press agent. He created the rôle of Johnnie Watson in "Seventeen" and is now doing the publicity for the play

A QUARTETTE OF OUR YOUNGER ACTORS

THE WALLACK CENTENNIAL

Distinguished English player who became the acknowledged leader of dramatic art in America

By CHARLES BURNHAM

THE one hundredth anniversary of the first appearance in America of an actor, who, in the years to come was destined to be the foremost figure of his time in the history of the New York stage, will occur on September 7. On that date in 1818, James W. Wallack, known to a later generation as the "elder" Wallack, made his début at the old Park Theatre, in the part of "Macbeth."

James W. Wallack was born in London, August 17, 1794. His father, William Wallack, was a distinguished actor of his day, the records of the time speaking of him as "an excellent comedian and a capital singer." He had six children, four girls and two boys, all of whom attained eminence in the theatrical profession. James was the younger of the two boys and made his first appearance on the stage at the age of nine. When but 22 years of age, he appeared as Iago, Macduff, Richmond, and in other characters in support of Edmund Kean. He became a member of the Drury Lane company, and in 1818, he eloped with the daughter of a famous actor of those days known as "Irish" Johnstone. Desirous of visiting America both for his honeymoon and business, he was compelled to seek the influence of his personal friend, Lord Byron, a member of the Board of Directors of Drury, in order to cancel his engagement at that theatre.

FOR some years previous to Wallack's arrival in America, Thomas A. Cooper, occupied first place in the affections of theatregoers, as a delineator of the leading rôles in Shakespeare's tragedies. When Wallack, on arriving here, was asked what part he would make his début in, he replied, "Hamlet." The management informed him that "Cooper's excellence in that part rendered the success of a stranger more than doubtful." "'Richard the Third'—nobody had succeeded in *that* character since Cooper's elaborate display." "'Othello'—if there was one part more than another where in Cooper had made a strong impression, it was in Othello." By this time, Wallack was considerably annoyed, and inquired which of Mr. Cooper's impersonations had drawn the most money, or in which he had appeared most frequently. He was answered, "Macbeth."

"Very well, then," he retorted, "I hoped to have avoided all comparisons, for I mean no opposition, but if I must be judged, not by my own merits but by the standard of another actor's qualifications, I will make my first appearance in 'Macbeth.'"

History records his extraordinary success. In those early days, an actor's popularity was measured somewhat by the receipts of his benefit, which occasion was always a part of his contract. Mr. Wallack's benefit, which took place on the seventh night of his engagement, brought in $1,850, being practically the capacity of the theatre.

The same success attended him in the other cities which he visited, and he firmly established himself in the regards of all lovers of good acting. James H. Hackett, at one time considered the best exponent of Falstaff the stage had known, attended the opening performance of Wallack, and wrote this appreciation of the actor:

"Mr. Wallack then seemed not more than 25 years of age, came directly from the Drury Lane, where he had already attained a high rank in a profession then graced by many eminent artists; and the season of 1818 was Mr. Wallack's first in America. His figure and personal bearing on and off the stage were very *distingué;* his eye was sparkling; his hair dark, curly and luxuriant; his facial features finely chiseled; and together with the natural conformation of his head, throat and chest, Mr. Wallack presented a remarkable specimen of manly beauty. He at once became, and continued to be, one of the greatest and most invariably attractive favorites furnished the American by the British stage."

JAMES W. WALLACK
One of the foremost figures in the history of the New York Stage

In speaking of Wallack's ability as an actor, Mr. Hackett said: "In versatility of talent, probably the stage has never had any other actor capable of satisfying the public in such a variety of prominent characters; his costumes, too, were remarkably characteristic, and always in admirable taste, and Mr. Wallack, in every respect, has proved himself a complete master of the histrionic art."

Mr. Wallack continued to play starring engagements both here and abroad until 1837, when, in the latter part of that year, he assumed direction of the National Theatre, which stood at the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, and there established what may properly be termed the first Wallack Theatre. The building was originally constructed for an opera house in 1833, but had never met with success. Its location was greatly against it, the neighborhood being unsuited for a theatre even in those early days. But the liberality, industry and talent displayed by Wallack in his management soon placed it in the front rank of the places of amusement, and it quickly became known as the best appointed theatre in the country. About a year previous to taking over the management of the house, Mr. Wallack placed the following card in *The Mirror,* a leading publication of the day, edited by George P. Morris:

TO NATIVE DRAMATIC AUTHORS.—The subscriber offers the sum of one thousand dollars for the best original play upon an attractive and striking subject in American history. The principal part to be adapted to his style of acting. A committee of literary gentlemen will be chosen to decide upon the merits of such plays as may be submitted to them for this premium, which will be awarded to the writer of the best production of the above description. It is requested that all manuscripts may be addressed to George P. Morris, Esq., New York *Mirror* office.

Mr. Wallack never publicly stated, as far as known, whether such a play had been accepted and not produced, but it is presumed that a play written by N. P. Willis, and produced by Mr. Wallack, during his management of the National, was in part an answer to the offer. Among Mr. Wallack's papers was a letter from Mr. Morris which read, "I am still of the opinion that the play submitted by Willis is vastly superior to the others." The title of the play was "Tortesa, the Usurer," and was considered to be one of the best of Mr. Wallack's impersonations. When he produced the play in England, his son Lester made his first appearance on the legitimate stage in a minor rôle in the drama.

FOR some two years the capability displayed by Mr. Wallack in his conduct of the theatre brought him continued prosperity and added to his reputation as an actor and manager, while his theatre despite the drawback of its location became the centre of theatrical activity of the day. In September, 1839, the house but recently renovated, and as the announcements of the day described it, "resplendent with glittering decorations of gold, and tasteful paintings," was completely destroyed by fire.

Immediately following the destruction of the playhouse, a meeting of many of the most prominent citizens of the city was held for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a new house for Mr. Wallack. Unfortunately, nothing came of it and after a brief period, during which with his company he played at Niblo's and the Chatham Theatre, Mr. Wallack returned to England, where he continued his starring engagements, occasionaly visiting America for the same purpose. In 1844, while appearing in London, Mr. Wallack presented for the first time the drama of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," in the leading rôle of which he made the greatest hit of his career. He was close on to fifty years of age at this time, but the dash, the romance and the chivalrous bearing of the actor became the talk of the town. Not long afterwards he again added to his laurels by his performance of Massaroni in "The Brigand," a musical play.

In 1847, he again visited America, and opened at the old Park, where he had originally made his début, appearing as Don Cæsar.

His final appearance as an actor was made upon the stage of his Broome Street Theatre in a play written by his son Lester, entitled "The Veteran." His final appearance in public, was at the newer Wallack's Theatre, at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway, in 1862.

From a portrait by White

VIRGINIA FOX BROOKS

This daughter of the late manager, Joseph Brooks, has come into her own on the stage. Gifted with a pleasing voice and dramatic ability, the gates of success have been flung open to her. Broadway liked her as the young prima donna in "The Great Lover" and she is now a favorite at the Winter Garden

A SHORT COURSE IN PLAYGOING

The old adage "All that glitters is not gold" applies to the stage as well as anything else

By VERA BLOOM

IN the old days, about a year ago, before New York had ever heard of economy or prudence, we went to the theatre as if we were playing eeny-meeny-miny-mo. We didn't know, and seldom cared, if a play were good or bad, but there was the money in our pocket, it was 8 o'clock, and time to go somewhere, so, if we were lazy, we called up an agency and paid an exorbitant price for any pair of seats they gave us; if we were a bit more industrious, we ran a careless eye down the newspaper list of attractions, and either went to the one at the head of the column or the one with the largest type. Few people make theatregoing an art.

Then the war tax came like a dash of cold water in the playgoer's face. Where he tossed four dollars away as nothing, that extra forty cents made him ponder, then he became impossible to please, and, finally, stayed home altogether. It needed a national campaign to convince the people that that accumulated 10 per cent. would not only add millions to the war, but that relaxation in the form of the theatre is an integral part of modern life.

Those were hard times for the professional "dead-head," an individual who in all his charmed life had never paid a penny for his dramatic amusement. For the tax law stated pitilessly that no one was to pass the door-man without paying his tribute to the god of war. The "dead-head" was crushed, grieved and pathetic. Why, he figured, should he pay the same price to see a poor show—and it's amazing how many poor shows there are when you pay for them!—as for a good movie? So in the most obscured picture places you could find the same audiences that, as the famous "free-list," used to give Broadway more brilliance than all the white lights put together.

BUT when things gradually adjusted themselves, we began going to the theatre like sensible human beings—often and well. We wanted to know what was good, and why we should see it. Newspaper criticisms have always been the most general form of guiding the public, but so many of the critics went across for a try at war-corresponding, that you can't blame them for being bored by vapid comedies or imitation military melodramas when they get back. But you and I, who haven't seen the Big Fight, like to have it brought down to comprehensible terms of a hero, a heroine, and a foiled German spy. We sit gladly for three hours listening to a play that without garnishings *â la guerre* would be hissed off the stage as silly rubbish.

Not being able to take all the critics unquestioningly, the press agent, the next man in forming public opinion, can't be taken seriously at all. If a story is true, it isn't good enough for him to use, and the ones he does use are too good to be true. So there you are.

But this is one infallible method to find out the success of a play, and you don't have to know the manager or see the star beaming a successful smile on the avenue to test it. You can read it through the window of a Rolls Royce or a Tenth Avenue car with equal ease, and if you spend your spare up-and-down-town moments doing it, you will avoid some long hours at painful plays and a lot of indecision. In other words, study the billboards. They never fail.

THERE are always the preliminary billboards —those modest, hopeful affairs on cheap paper with commonplace lettering, stating the bare facts that

> SHUBERT and ERLANGER
> announce the new comedy
> DO TELL!
> by
> somebody or other

If that sign stays up long after the opening, it means the show is going off very soon. A possible success is usually helped along with an attractively colored poster, and often a picture or a scene from the play. In an overwhelming personal success, like Lionel Barrymore's in "The Copperhead," you may have noticed that the entire wording of the billboards was changed. Mr. Barrymore's name, that did not appear at all on the first announcements, came out in huge letters on the later ones, with a large sketch of him besides.

Sometimes, even though a player is not featured, the whole poster is built around the leading rôle, like the sign for "Tiger Rose," that is an attractive picture of Lenore Ulric. And as her face is already familiar to the casual passerby it would appear that she was really starred.

The musical shows, once they have passed the black-and-white or red-and-yellow trial stage on the fences, blossom out with fantastic posters. These are usually the work of some famous Greenwich Villager, who has been bearded in his hundred-dollar-a-month attic, and persuaded to attract the public to a mere money-making production with a few daubs from his inspired pallette. Inspired by a certified cheque, he creates a curdled color-scheme, and someone in the manager's office supplies the missing details of the lettering or the name of the play.

These posters are one real test of success. No manager is going to pay a popular young artist for a sketch that he might just as well have sold for an enviable price as a magazine cover, unless he feels that his attraction is pretty sure to stay.

But in any event, that first doubtful placarding is replaced by a sign arranged with some care, if not flambuoyantly artistic.

YOU can tell the substantial, all-season success by the painted, not papered, sign. Paint is permanent, and the box-office must be constantly besieged before the advertising man orders space taken by the month, and painters set to work on individual signs. There was one block on Broadway where advertisements for four successes were painted since early in the season. You had a comfortable, assured feeling in buying seats for one of these theatres, and they were practically crowded for months.

But the acid test of the overwhelming success, except in the rare case where a star is made over-night by public demand, and must be proclaimed through advertising, is the absence of any signs at all!

If you hear a great deal of a play, if it's hard to get seats, and moreover, if it doesn't advertise, then you have found the real thing, at last. It simply means that there is such a demand at the theatre and the agencies, that billboards would be both a useless expense and would mean disappointment to still more people at being unable to go.

Word-of-mouth advertising is a play's greatest asset. If a manager were offered all the signboard and newspaper space in town for nothing, and he was given his choice between that and a hundred people giving spontaneous praise to his production, he would choose the latter without a second thought.

Even before the criticisms are out, and they appear like magic a few hours after the opening, an intangible atmosphere has come from the theatre and everyone knows, absolutely and incontestably, if a great success has come to town.

I don't believe there was a single poster around for Fred Stone in "Jack o' Lantern," except the one at the stage door of the theatre. All the "preliminaries" for "Oh, Lady! Lady!!" disappeared, and until late in the season I could only discover one lorn announcement apiece for "Tiger Rose" and "Polly With a Past." All these, as everyone knows, have played to S. R. O.—that mystic symbol of success, "standing room only" —for the entire season.

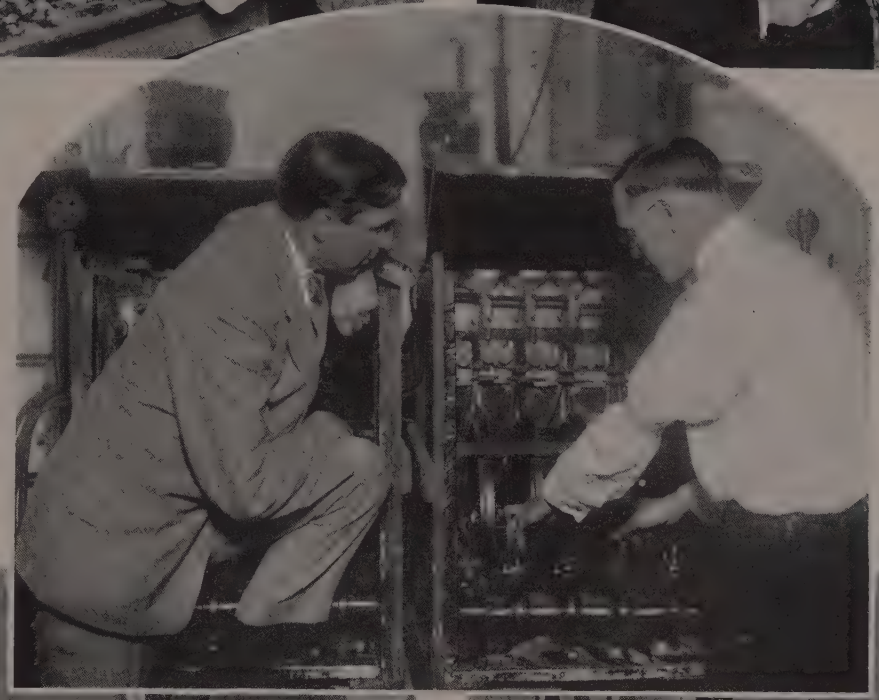
SO far, the Winter Garden has been the only house to use an electric advertising sign, aside from the illumination in front of the theatre, but this was not continued permanently. Perhaps it wasn't necessary, as the Winter Garden has a distinctive clientèle of its own that patronizes every revue, and is, of course, a celebrated goal for out-of-towners.

You can usually tell the cleverness of a play from the "smartness" of its poster; its importance from the simplicity and steel-engraved appearance of the sign, while you can guess the possible thrills of a melodrama from the billboard in lurid colors.

But if you prefer to take a sporting chance when you go to the theatre, just look over those first non-committal announcements, choose a promising name, and trust to luck. That is one of the chief requisites for becoming a "first-nighter"—it takes a real sportsman to melt through every August and September evening in some broiling theatre, and then find that ninety per cent. of his self-inflicted tortures have been withdrawn by October first! And yet the same group of hardy-perennials meet year after year, at the Autumn premières, with the hopeless optimism of a fisherman who doesn't dare expect a catch.

If you want to choose your plays for yourself, keep your ears open for the few great successes, and study the billboards for the rest of the season. Above all, read religiously the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

nie Sole and his gang of
rpenters turn canvas and
od into scenery for
uart Walker's production
of "Seven Up"



ght)
uart Walker and his pet
ank of dimmers" and his
t electrician, Johnny
odgins, work out lighting
effects

High up on the paint bridge, fifty feet above the stage, Frank Zimmerer, scenic artist, and Sam Warshaw, his assistant, paint the skyline of New York City, to be seen through the window in the first act set

At her dressing table, Margaret Mower transforms herself into Nan, the artist's sweetheart, in "Seven Up"

Way up "in the flies," Charlie Heneck, head flyman, hangs the "flats" of the scenery and weights them with sand bags

TURNING A MANUSCRIPT INTO A PLAY

THE JEW ON THE STAGE

No chapter in the book of drama is closed to him

By ADA PATTERSON

THAT the Jew is a large figure in the business of the stage, as he is in banking, requires no massing of proof, no assembling of an overpowering array of names. A glance at the bulletin boards of the office buildings on the Rialto discloses that this race is well represented, and that in one branch at least, the photo drama, he numerically dominates.

But the Jew's part in the art of the stage, by no means a little one, has had small recognition. A few take for granted that he has figured forcefully upon the boards, but many do not know.

Attempt research in that direction and you will hear that it is a new field, one which few attempts have been made to explore.

A Jewish calendar, issued in London in 1899, furnishes a long list of eminent Hebrews, but the number of actors it names is inconsiderable. Yet the Jewish race is one of four that has contributed the world's greatest players. The English, the French, the Irish, the Jew are the sources of the greatest histrionic talent of the world. The Irishman and the Jew stand side by side, shoulder to shoulder, in respect to their natural gifts for the interpretative art. Both are richly equipped with imagination. Both have dramatic intensity. Both possess in what may be termed their natural state, before repressive measures have checked its spontaneous flow, a startling vehemence. Both are of the emotional temperament.

It has been cited by a rabbi, as proof, that for generations they have been schooled for dramatic expression, that the persecution of ages has caused the Hebrew to be one person in his home, another in the world.

A HEBREW might bend under his peddler's pack, cringe before closing doors, yet when he returned to the pale, that part of the city in which his brothers in race and sisters in faith were permitted to dwell, he instantly became upright, self respectful and commanding respect from his household." Thus, according to one of their leaders, all Jews played a part through the ages.

Contributory, too, to their preparation for effectiveness on the stage, are the Scriptural plays, written by their religious leaders and presented by the grown-ups and the children, at their festivals. Esther is the favorite character, and Haman's conspiracy, foiled by her, the theme, of most of their sectarian dramas. A massacre, great as St. Bartholomew's, Haman plotted for the extermination of the Jews. Esther disclosed the plot to her husband, the Persian, King Ahasuerus, the Mordecai of Bible students' acquaintances, at the same time confessing herself to be a Jewess. "Save my people," she pleaded. Her royal spouse granted her prayer, and transcended it even to the execution of the conspirator. Wherefore, our frequent phrase: "Hang him as high as Haman."

With such traditions, and with the hot blood of the sun-warmed Orient bounding through their veins, and the imagery of the East peopling their minds with visions, it is logical that from among Hebrews many actors have come.

The race claims that greatest of English-speaking actors, Edmund Kean. Arthur Bouchier wrote in *The Contemporary Review* of the "son of Aaron Kean, the property man and roustabout," and undoubted Jew, who gave London a new Shylock and went home that night to his waiting wife with the words: "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage and Charlie shall go to Eton." And so, Mr. Bouchier reminds us, they did. Hitherto all Shylocks had been played with a red wig and treated much as red-haired burlesque men are treated by partners of their "teams." Edmund Kean gave his Shylock a black wig. The estimable English actor's commentary upon the dramatic incident was an allusion to Walter Scott's attitude toward the Jew, as shown by his noble knight Ivanhoe shrinking from contact with Isaac of York. Ivanhoe, representing the stage, no longer shrinks from contact with Isaac of York, the Jewish player. Edmund Kean's triumph was the beginning of the Jewish invasion of the stage.

SARAH BERNHARDT is as is well known of Jewish birth. She was born in Paris of a father who was a merchant of Amsterdam, and a mother, Julie Bernhardt, who, though born in Berlin, was a Dutch Jewess. The child, when she was ten years of age, was placed in the Grandchamps Convent at Versailles. There she adopted the Catholic faith. Since she has been classified with ardent Romanists, yet shortly after one of the most severe of her recent illnesses, she was quoted as making the statement that she did not expect to live again, because she did not believe in a future life. When playing her more repressed scenes she seems what she has become in her rich, nomadic career, a citizeness of the world. But at moments of torrential passion, her fervor and staccato utterance proclaim her the true daughter of her forebears.

The great French actress, Rachel, the dark, tempestuous, melancholy woman of France, whose body burned out in the flame of her genius, when she had lived and served her art but thirty-eight years ago, was a daughter of the Hebrew race. Unfortunately not of the best of the race for the exactions and rapacity of her family, brought nearer her untimely death.

Mme. Bertha Kalich's sympathetic portrayal of the family harassed genius, done in English, is one of the high lights of Broadway memories.

THE German stage was illuminated by many Jewish players. Adolph Sonnenthal, Austria's most distinguished dramatic artist, was a Jew. Of his brotherhood was Rogumil Davison. Anton Ascher, the Viennese comedian, and Leopold Teller spoke the German tongue with a Jewish accent.

Come we now to the Booths. It was said and denied, said and again denied, that in Edwin Booth's veins flowed the blood of the Jew. Yet there is no proof, and there is little upon which to base conjecture, that this was true. I have it from one who knew him well in his latter years that the greatest of the American Hamlets had established to his own satisfaction, and expected soon to spread before the world, conclusive evidence that the player of the dark and melancholy Dane, himself derived his darkness and his melancholy from Spanish source. He said the original name was Cabana, which translated into English is "Booth." The supposed association of the Booth name with the creed of Palestine was traced to Junius Edwin Booth's father, Junius Brutus Booth. His daughter, Asia, sister of Edwin, described in her book, "The Elder and the Younger Booth," her father's profound interest in the great religions.

ALL forms of religion and all temples of devotion were sacred to him, and he never failed to bare his head reverently when passing any church," she wrote. "He worshipped at many shrines. He admired the Koran, and his copy of that volume had many beautiful passages underscored. Days sacred to color, ores and metals were religiously observed by him. In the synagogues he was known as a Jew, because he conversed with rabbis and learned doctors, and joined in their worship in the Hebraic tongues. He read the Talmud also and strictly adhered to many of its laws.

"Several fathers of the Roman Catholic Church recount pleasant hours spent with him in theological discourses and averred that he was of their faith because of his knowledge of its mysteries. Of the numerous houses of worship to which he went the one he most loved to frequent was a floating church or Sailors' Bethel. The congregation was of the humblest kind and the ministry not at all edifying. The writer remembers kneeling through a lengthy, impromptu prayer, which contained no spirit of piety to her childish ears, but looking wearily at her father she beheld his face so earnestly inspired with devotion that she felt rebuked, and it became pleasant to attend that which before had been devoid of interest.

"His reverence for religion was universal and deep rooted. It was daily shown in acts of philanthropy and human deeds that were, however, often misdirected. He was not a sectarian, but made many creeds his study."

Which testimony would seem to dispose of the oft-told tale that he was a convert to Judaism. As to his having it for an inheritance there is a tradition that the original family name was "Beth." Yet the Israelitish word "Beth" is a common noun, signifying house, and students of Hebrew say it is never used as a proper noun.

Another bit of evidence that may not be magnified is that on his Maryland farm in the little cemetery which he made for his servants, the small colony of blacks who served him, he planted amidst yews and willows, the Jewish althea bush. Yet he lies in the family plot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, where a clergyman of the Church of England read above his coffin the familiar service beginning with the words of Jesus Christ—"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Back to John Booth Edwin traced his ancestry in search of the Spanish root of the family tree. John Booth had married Elizabeth Wilkes, so

Pell Mitchell

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

This camel proved obstinate at Luna Park until Mr. Hitchcock informed him what a talented player he had the honor to carry—in the person of Irene Bordoni

Sarony

IRENE FRANKLIN

Good news for our boys! Miss Franklin, the well-known vaudeville headliner, has donned the Y. M. C. A. uniform and will soon be entertaining them "over there"

© Clara Petzoldt

KATHERINE EMMET

This great, great granddaughter of Betsy Ross, is as ardent a patriot as her celebrated ancestor, being an active member and worker in the Stage Women's War Relief. Broadway is to see her shortly in a dramatization of the "Penrod" stories

Campbell

MAY LESLIE

Women are coming into their own, as is proven by Miss Leslie the popular show girl. She is now stage manager of the Century Grove Midnight Revue

allying himself by marriage to the famous English friend of freedom, John Wilkes. Their son Richard, chose for his life mate Miss Game, who was of the Welsh Llewellyns. Their son, Richard Booth, tried to escape to America to join the Revolutionists in their war for freedom, but was taken back, reprimanded and ultimately forgiven as a wild, but well-meaning youth. Junius Brutus Booth, his son, was born in St. Pancras, London, being English as were his father and grandfather. The facts are mine, drawn from many sources. The deductions are yours.

Of the Jewish actors on the American stage David Warfield is chief. I recall yielding to the temptation for a little gallop on my hobby, heredity, asking David Warfield "What is your nationality?" His answer, simple, direct as his gaze, was "I am a Jew."

Louis Mann and Sam Bernard, who have brought "Friendly Enemies" into the fore as the most profitable play of the year, were reared by the same tenets. So, too, that other pair of funmakers, Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr. Of the same original faith, but now a disciple of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy is that singer of the soul of songs, Nora Bayes. Her sister singer in vaudeville Nan Halperin attends services at a synagogue.

The Morrisons, Felix and Lewis, were Hebrews. Daniel E. Bandmann and family were born in the Judean belief. Anna Held's "Eyes That Won't Behave" were inheritances from her mother, a Polish Jewess.

Leon Errol, comedian and producer par excellence, reveals his Judean extraction in his personal phase, but it is not apparent in his stage portrayals. Ed Wynn, funmaker alternately for the "Ziegfeld Follies" and the Winter Garden, got his fun and vigor from a hardy line of Jewish ancestors. Willie and Eugene Howard, other Winter Garden amusers, are branches of the same stock that bore Joseph Weber and Lew Fields.

That dainty ingenue Francine Larrimore, whose entrance upon the stage is greeted by not too subdued whispers, "Isn't she sweet?", "Isn't she a darling?", has a sure sense of comedy that has been schooled by her celebrated uncle, the great player of Shylock to the East Side. Jacob Adler is the King of the East Side Rialto. David Kessler has won community fame among those of his own race in the crowded district of New York. A playwright prophet of theirs is Boris Tomaschefsky, who writes robust emotional dramas for himself and others.

Occasionally a Jewish player emerges from the East Side and plays successfully in new English diction. This Mme. Bertha Kalich achieved, though she has temporarily forsaken that field for the at present more profitable one of the photo drama. David Kessler, with that beautiful blonde actress, once leading woman for John Drew and now in happy retirement the wife of Chevalier Ricardo Bertelli, Ida Conquest, left off Yiddish parlance to appear in English dramas. "Bobby" North accomplished the journey. David Belasco gave him his opportunity in one of his offerings. The young man has become the owner of touring attractions on the vaudeville circuit.

Florence Reed, one of the most vividly emotional of the younger generation of players, was the daughter of the former Roland Reed and a Jewess. Her portrayal in "The Yellow Ticket" of a girl who was inhumanly persecuted because she wandered from the Jewish pale, was imbued with the smouldering fire of her race. It flamed in her unique rendering of Tisha in "The Wanderer." It is evinced in her characterization of the slave girl in "Chu Chin Chow."

The reaches of the race are as great in tragedy as in comedy. The Jew taps tears and stirs laughter. He mimics and imitates and burlesques. No chapter in the book of drama is closed to him.

Should their critics say that Jews lack finesse we would need but to answer: "David Warfield." If that their tremendous earnestness barred them from comedy we would reply: "Barney Bernard and his brother Sam." Or reverse it if you will. They won't care. If you should say that their characterizations are superficial, I would say: "See Louis Mann and Nora Bayes." And Florence Reed is a dynamo of power tempered by the critic that is her other self standing outside, watching, measuring, weighing. Thus she provides the two elements of great acting, force and balance.

A forceful writer of their own race would gladly lend his patented phrase to summarize the success of his people on the stage. "Vim, Vigor, Victory," according to Herbert Kaufman.

Rabbi Clifton Harby Levy, preaching Joe Welch's funeral sermon, when the imitator of Jewish peddlers died mad last midsummer, said: "He made the world happier, for he made it laugh." He exalted laughter bringing to the world one of the blessed missions. No Jew, nor Gentile, will contradict the mad comedian's "last notice."

Nor must we forget our Oriental Hedda Gabler—Alla Nazimova, beloved of Broadway audiences. In her roof garden is stretched an Oriental rug with a set of willow furniture.

"Why should I not live on the roof? she said, "I am an Oriental, a Jew. The wandering tribes of Israel slept often under the stars. They do still in the East."

The Dolly Sisters are also daughters of Israel who have added to the gaiety of Broadway. Mme. Petrova is another prominent representative of her race.

It is obviously impossible in an article of limited length to mention every artist of Jewish faith or origin on the stage. The Jew is popular in the theatre. He seems exceptionally fitted for it both by temperament and instinct. He has cast lustre upon it as actor, playwright, and manager.

In this last field particularly, you will find the Jew most prominent. He controls the theatrical business as he controls many other enterprises. The Frohmans—Daniel, Charles, and Gustave—Belasco, the Wizard, the Shuberts of many activities, the energetic Al Woods, Klaw and Erlanger, Flo Ziegfeld, the Selwyns, not forgetting the redoubtable Oscar Hammerstein—all these important figures connected with the past and present history of the American stage, are of Jewish extraction.

THEATRE THOUGHTS

By HAROLD SETON

THERE is some talk of the canonization of George M. Cohan as the patron saint of Broadway.

When Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., has a pleasant dream, he imagines a new kind of centipede. When he has an unpleasant dream, he imagines the old kind of centipede.

After having seen George Arliss as "Disraeli," "Paganini" and "Hamilton," I am convinced that George Arliss is a splendid interpreter of—George Arliss.

A drunken man staggered into a theatre where Ruth St. Denis was dancing. The next day that man signed the pledge.

Paying two dollars to see Julian Eltinge dressed-up in woman's clothes is like paying two dollars to see a duck swim.

Margaret Mayo, author of "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds," beats Charlotte at her own game. For Miss Mayo can skate on very thin ice.

Willard Mack, author of "Kick In" and "Tiger Rose," is said to write his plays with a penpoint stuck in the muzzle of a revolver.

Nora Bayes represents the triumph of mind over patter.

A Belasco production: Real doors for artificial people to come in through, and real windows for artificial people to look out of.

Instead of holding the mirror up to Nature, Emily Stevens holds it up to her aunt, Mrs. Fiske.

Encouraged by the success of Fannie Ward and Marguerite Clarke as interpreters of children in the movies, Mrs. Whiffen and Amelia Bingham are about to attempt similar work.

When Claire Kummer wrote "Good Gracious, Anabelle," she stepped into Clyde Fitch's shoes. But when she wrote "The Rescuing Angel," she stepped out of them.

Fritzi Scheff's progress from the Metropolitan Opera House to a Broadway cabaret is an example of what can be accomplished—if one does not try.

Elsie Janis's favorite pet is a chameleon.

John Drew has put a codicil in his will to the effect that he be buried in a shroud made by Poole, of London, in the fashion of the day, whatever it may be.

Billie Burke has been on the stage for many years, but still there is not a wrinkle—in any of her gowns.

Oliver has "a typical Morosco caste" in his eye.

Kitty Cheatham enjoys childhood—the second time.

Valeska Suratt's idea of interpreting joy:—"Gowns by Lucile." Valeska Suratt's idea of interpreting sorrow:—"Gowns by Lucile."

When Lillian Russell dies, the Museum of Art will receive her unique collection of cosmetiques.

David Belasco loves Nature. He has seen some of her sunrises and sunsets that are almost as good as his own.

From a portrait by Moffett

W I L L I A M F A V E R S H A M

The distinguished player who will live up to his title "actor-manager" this season. "Allegiance" has already been produced under his direction, and in October he will appear on the stage in a dramatization of "The Prince and the Pauper"

"OLE CLOES"

The ultimate fate of the gorgeous stage gowns which make women gasp

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

THE heroine has made her audience laugh and weep. She has been persecuted and oppressed, but, triumphing over all her enemies in that fashion peculiar to the stage, she has risen to affluence and power. She trails through three acts in a swish of satins, chiffons and ermine, and the final curtain falls with the hero's arms around her.

The younger women in the audience carry away a vision of the last scene, and sigh ecstatically.

The older women, in whose breasts fancy has been subdued by fact, grow thriftly speculative.

"I wonder," they say as they pass out, "what she does with her old clothes."

They have tasted the supreme joy of brushing a skirt and selling it to an old clothes man; they know to the fullest the satisfaction of turning a ribbon on last season's hat and letting it go for a price. Those who sit in high places all day and cut coupons have no greater elation of soul than these experiences bring. But the actress? The woman who gets more in a week than the majority of the husbands in the audience earn in six months: Does she ever sell her old clothes? Does she, perhaps, ever give them away? Would she (here the thrifty woman experiences a blissful moment) ever give them to a women who has two or three growing girls to clothe, and who is so handy with the needle she could make them over? Though (she forgets to get off the car at her corner in her absorption), the dark-blue velvet worn in the second act would just fit her Annabelle without any alteration at all.

THE woman on the stage does give them away, and she gives freely and judiciously. There is said to be one actress so thrifty she bargains with the old clothes man as greedily as if she were poor and had children to provide with raiment, but she is an exception. The people of the stage are noted for their generosity. There is no class of people who give more to others, and who take less thought of their own to-morrows. The moth holds no family reunions in the discarded garments of the actress: while she might still find a use for them (for they are never worn, as we in the audience know what the word "worn" means), she forgets her own needs in the greater necessity of others.

Marguerite Clarke, with her four feet and four inches, could make few women happy with her discarded garments, for they are too small. It is the good fortune of two young girls, whom Miss Clarke has taken under her protection to educate, that they are Miss Clarke's size, and the superfluous clothes in which she appears as an adult are sent to them. But more often she takes a child's part and these tiny little garments also serve a great purpose. An orphan herself, Miss Clarke's heart is tender to the motherless, and the little dresses, coats and petticoats, in which she appears as a child of eight or nine, are sent to an orphan asylum, and they amount to so many in the course of a year that the clothes problem of the little waifs is almost completely solved.

Mary Pickford belies her Irish ancestry with an unsuspected thrift, but gives liberally to the needy. Lina Cavalieri, who spends more on clothes than any other woman on the stage to-day, with the possible exception of Geraldine Farrar, makes the disposal of her discarded garments an international question. Some years ago she sent huge boxes semi-annually to her beloved Italy. Since her marriage to Lucien Muratore, she divides this offering, giving half to his adored France.

Pearl White, with the recklessness that characterizes her in the scenes in which she risked her life for your entertainment, doesn't give a second thought to her garments. She has in her care, and with her all through the summer, three young girls. They are her secretary, if she needs one, her stewardess, her companion, her housekeeper, her maid; any capacity in which love and thought may serve a busy woman, and, in return, she gives them a home, watches over them, and pays them well, though one of the girls gets $75 a week in an office position.

MISS WHITE knew the girls when she was working in a stock company, and does not forget them now she is receiving $200,000 a year. On one occasion she gave one of the girls a fur coat costing $6,500, and which she had worn only a few times, and she gives them other garments, often before she has worn them at all.

Marie Osborne's discarded garments are given to the children in her company. No other child in the world, under the age of six, has so many. Anna Case donates generously to old friends in New Jersey, and May Peterson, also, has a waiting list.

Marie Rappold, who makes the claim of being the best-dressed woman on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, buys no fewer than twelve tailor-made gowns a season, for which she has never paid less than $150 each. She appears in concert during the summer season, and never wears the same gown twice, with so many hats, cloaks, shoes, pumps and furs in her wardrobe that her maid keeps books on them. She never sells a garment, having a long list of relatives and friends who have not been as fortunate in this world's goods as herself.

IRENE CASTLE donates her discarded clothes to the Stage Woman's War Relief. Usually, there is a sale, and the proceeds go to this fund, and she is so universally a favorite with the women that her sales bring more, in proportion to the value, than the donations of any other woman.

"My wife," said a man, with indignation, "paid five dollars for a pair of Mrs. Castle's pumps. They didn't fit her; she knew they wouldn't, but she wanted them because Irene Castle had danced in them. Of course, I roared, but I'd have roared louder did I not know that the proceeds go to making life more comfortable for our boys over there." When Captain Castle was killed, she gave everything she possessed in the way of clothes to this sale.

Geraldine Farrar receives $1,500 a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, which means $102,000 a season. To eke out a living she acts for the movies at $2 a minute, and gets an income from the records of her voice. She cannot spend her money on luxuries for her table. If she eats as one might dream of eating with such an income, her stomach is disordered. If her stomach is disordered, her voice is affected, and if her voice is affected, whizz, bang, away goes her income.

Denied the comfortable joy of a luxurious meal, she has a greater sum to spend on clothes, and in her clothes she takes supreme satisfaction, holding that when a singer appears in public her raiment is as important as her voice.

She has no sisters, nieces, nor cousins who look with longing eyes. She has a kinship with all the world in a broader sense, and sends all these garments to the Jumble-In. The Jumble-In is a storehouse where garments are received and sold, and the proceeds devoted to buying luxuries for the soldiers. Miss Farrar has a personal maid, but the maid's duties are made light by her mistress' generosity. Every few days she sends something to the Jumble-In which shows not a sign of wear or tear.

The same story is told of every actress' wardrobe. It reaches an honorable and useful old age. Pride and a needle and thread make the change the garment demands for more humble, or less romantic, circumstances, and many a woman, after patronizing one of these sales appears in a becoming and handsome garment that cost her less than a fourth of its original price.

THE wives of millionaires make similar disposal of their discarded garments. Naturally, a blue satin cannot be given to the scullery maid, and a pink velvet is not appropriate to wear when preparing turnips. Barred the privilege of giving to the "help," a story told in humbler walks of life, the women of wealth sell to a dealer in second-hand garments, and he re-sells to women in moderate circumstances. Or, which is told oftener, and to their credit, they hold sales at regular intervals, the proceeds given to some charity.

The woman who said as she walked out of the theatre, "I wonder what she does with her old clothes?" may, perhaps, have sat next to one of these garments on the way home. To the good taste of the buyer, the stage costumes rarely appeal, unless they are street clothes, in their original form. Often a complete transformation is essential, for the dress worn by the inn-keeper's saucy daughter, in a scene laid in Paris, will hardly do, without complete ripping and altering, for the Bible-class teacher in New York.

Yet a simple frock you might see on Fifth Avenue worn jauntily by a dainty débutante may one day have graced the sinuous person of a stage vampire. You would never recognize it with its added frills, its ribbons and its furbelows. Then again you may stop with a little gasp to admire a smart hat that really adorned the heroine in a show that failed and went to the storehouse after a week.

(Left)

MARTHA MANSFIELD

(Right)

DOROTHY LEEDS

(Center)

FLORENCE CRIPPS

Johnston

THE chorus girl cannot be passed over lightly. She is by far too important a personage. Who else is responsible for the success of "The Follies"? And is not the New Amsterdam filled even on dog days (and nights) with audiences eager to view her beauty?

Here are three of the pretty maids who have done their bit to make "The Follies" what the press agent aptly terms "a national institution,"—Miss Mansfield, petite and summery, Miss Leeds, slender and tailor-made, and Miss Cripps, blonde and lovely

THREE GRACES OF "THE FOLLIES"

MY FIRST PLAY

Some suggestions on how to prepare a manuscript for the worst

By LISLE BELL

A YEAR ago I decided to write my first play. The first thing that I did was to take a mental inventory, to make sure that I possessed all the needed qualifications. I found that I had everything necessary but the technique. So I set about acquiring the technique. At the present writing, I still have everything necessary, plus the technique, plus the play.

Externally, my play is a little the worse for wear, but when you consider that it has had a long run on Broadway (in producing offices from Thirty-ninth Street to Forty-eighth Street), it is really remarkably well preserved. To put the history of my play into a nutshell, it is sufficient to say that it has been accepted by the copyright office, and rejected by everyone else. The Government and I against the world, so to speak.

As for my technique, it is like silver stored in a safety vault: it's nice to know that you have it and maybe can use it again, some day. I dare say that my play is like many other plays, but my technique, I feel confident in saying, stands alone. It is unique. And not the least of its services is that it has taught me where to place the emphasis in the dictionary's definition: "Technique—a method of *execution* in fine art."

My hopes were high when I began the pursuit of technique. The first thing that I did was to surround myself with all the available text-books on the subject. There are a lot of them, and I don't believe I missed a single one. I read every line of "What Every Young Dramatist Ought to Know," and studied diligently such works as "First Steps in Playwriting," "Dramatic Technique in Words of One Syllable," and so on.

AT the start, I got a delightful stimulation, immersing myself in these text-books. They seemed so adroitly adjusted to my needs. They told me just what I should know. And they did it in such a way as to make me feel it was nothing less than slander to refer to them as text-books. For there was nothing dictatorial in them, nothing harshly worded. Everything was in the spirit of "Come, let us reason together."

These volumes, in short, made me feel as if my play were as good as written—if not better. I acquired the faith that moves mountains—if not managers. I burned with eagerness to put my technique (12mo, $1.35 net) to the test of actual creation.

When one authority assured me that the theatre "is a democratic institution, and co-operation on the part of the audience is the first essential of success," I closed the book, closed my eyes, and saw my name in electric lights. I actually began to worry for fear the "lightless nights" might dim my glory. The thought that "co-operation on the part of the manager" might be quite an important factor in my success never crossed my mind. Apparently, it didn't disturb the author of my text-book, either. At any rate, there was no cloud on my horizon—not then.

I may have been just a little troubled when I read that "congenital endowment" has something to do with the making of a dramatist. My family tree boasted no dramatic branches. I had about made up my mind to hobble along without any congenital endowment, when I learned that one of my aunts taught "elocution" before her marriage. I drew a sigh of relief. Aunt became my "congenital endowment."

The rules seemed admirable and concise. I learned them all by heart. For example: "See that the play (*i. e.,* the play which I intended to write) is always moving straight toward its goal; divagation is usually death."

Surely nothing could be simpler than seeing that my play was always moving straight toward its goal. To be sure, the rule sounded a bit like a city traffic regulation, but I linked it up with that phrase, "the two hours' traffic of the stage," and felt quite secure. As I look back now upon my experience, however, I think perhaps the fellow should have defined goal. Maybe he didn't mean what I thought he meant.

DIVAGATION, I will confess, sent me to the dictionary, where I discovered that it means nothing more nor less than "wandering about." The trouble was, when I actually came to doing the thing, I discovered that it apparently is a synonym for managers' offices.

There was always this to be said in favor of those text-books: they were most flattering to the intelligence, or so I thought at the time. When one of the writers spoke of the "thirty-six fundamental situations counted by Gozzi and Schiller," he never stopped to tell me who or what Gozzi was. So far as the context showed, he might have been an adding machine. Again, when I came across the "twenty-four situations announced by Gerard de Nerval as fit for the theatre," no one troubled to identify de Nerval. I assumed that I was supposed to know, and did nothing at all about it.

In the concluding chapter of one of my guides, I came upon this: "It is now time to be about writing your full-length play." This was the assurance that I had been waiting for. It certainly was nice to be told that it was time to be about writing my full-length play.

WITH renewed confidence, I applied my mind to the final summing up of the rules. They were brief and to the point:

"Decide on a theme or foundation incident. (I already had done that.) Outline your plot, sketch the grouping of characters by description for your own guidance, determine on their relative importance, and assign the space to be given each act. Take plenty of time to revise and re-revise; study the stage-books of successful modern plays; and lay your work aside to cool."

I found all this decidedly stimulating, even if the wording did resemble the culinary directions for turning out a custard.

"Why not?" I said to myself. "Why shouldn't technique resemble a cooking recipe? Plays, like cookies, are made."

And with this original contribution to the philosophy of dramatic technique, I closed the volume and started to work—on my cookie.

Outlining the plot, as suggested, was a bit difficult. I outlined mine in black, before I got through. Black is not my favorite color, but it seemed more appropriate, somehow. As for sketching the grouping of characters, I couldn't be quite sure the fellow didn't mean to draw a picture of them. At any rate, I omitted that.

One of the directions which bothered me considerably was in regard to assigning the space to be given each act. I didn't know whether to do it upon the basis of the number of pages or what. I think I finally decided upon "what."

As for taking plenty of time to "revise and re-revise," the advice was really superfluous. I have had generous co-operation along that line. I took quite a little time myself, and the managers have given me all the rest.

I am now at work on a text-book of my own. When it is finished, it will be more detailed—I might even say more frank—than any of its predecessors which guided me. I shall call it "Preparing the Play for the Worst."

So far, I have completed but one chapter. It is on "The Manuscript." All the text-books which I used, and which have led to my play being "laid aside to cool" for quite some time, devoted one chapter to "The Manuscript." They told how the manuscript should be prepared, what size and style of paper to use, what type spacing, and how the title-page should be hand-illumined. They told everything, in fact, except what kind of play to put on the paper. If they had told me that, I probably wouldn't be at work on a text-book of my own.

PREPARING the manuscript is a topic which, it appears to me, has been treated in a somewhat too skeletonized manner. My method has been, therefore, to set down the rules which appear in these older authorities, and then to elaborate upon them.

All the text-books start out with this admonition:

"In the first place, your manuscript should be typewritten."

What they should do is to go on and explain that they mean typewritten in both senses of the word. If a manager doesn't discover "types" in your play, he will decide that it is no good, and file it away for his own use next winter, in case his coal supply runs short. Be sure your play is "type"-written.

"Write on only one side of the sheet."

The reason for this rule is obvious. The manager, if he accepts your play, will need to use the other side upon which to re-write it.

"On the second page, give the cast of characters."

For Broadway production, the cast of characters will vary from pure to off-color. Purple tints are always in great favor.

"These details attended to, take the play to the managers' offices. Don't worry if it doesn't come back promptly."

This last rule does not permit of much elaboration. I shall merely add, out of the fulness of my experience:

"Don't worry; it will."

Peggy O'Neil as "Patsy"

Peggy O'Neil

Victor Moore

SCENES IN EDWARD PEPLE'S NEW COMEDY, "PATSY ON THE WING," WHICH HAS BEEN RUNNING ALL SUMMER AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE IN CHICAGO AND TO APPEAR IN NEW YORK NEXT MONTH

AMATEUR DEPARTMENT

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs, and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

THE AMATEUR PRODUCER

By CHRISTINE HOPKINS

Member of the Strollers, State University of Kentucky.

DO you ever manage an amateur play? No? Then what was responsible for your need of a rest-cure? Merely overwork? Oh, dear! Well then, you don't know what real nerves are like! You see, it's this way:

A group of enthusiasts—organized or disintegrated—the Something-or-others, merely a group of arters for art's sake—decide they will have A Play. In the Stone Age, excuses were sometimes hard to find, but now they are as plentiful as knitting needles or second lieutenants or applications for next winter's coal. The Red Cross, Liberty Bonds, the Red Star, W. S. S., all excellent causes, so intensely patriotic! After much discussion, the charity most socially prominent at that particular time wins, and the society column announces that in the near future the event of the season will be produced, its exact nature not yet determined upon.

* * *

Then the trying ordeal of choosing a performance to be performed. Ibsen and Shaw are considered, but discarded because they aren't quite nice, at least some of the paying husbands might think so. But stay! Why not choose a "coach" first, and let him earn some of his easy money by helping in the selection? Just decide on a certain sum for his services, and turn all responsibility over to him? Of course, he must find good parts for the Chairman of the Committee, and select a piece in which there is an opportunity for some incidental music and vocal, (not for any one person's benefit, of course, but just to add variety), and one which commands no royalty, and has rosy scenery, and no costuming, that is, beyond the wee bit necessitated by after-dinner acts in the modern drawing-room comedy.

* * *

On third thought, as this performance is for charity, why should not the "coach" give his services? Mr. —— or Miss —— of the University is up on these things, and such social prominence this direction would give, besides the patriotism of the thing, should secure absolutely grateful free and gratis assistance.

It is done. You being Mr. ——, or Miss ——, consent. For various reasons of your own, perhaps, but still, you do. Maybe you've always had a sneaking hankering to go on the stage, and this is the nearest you can get to it! And maybe the charity game really, sincerely appeals. Anyway, you agree, and the cooing young things who've come to persuade you, triumphantly depart.

You feverishly hunt through catalogues, drama league lists, old manuscripts, the Public Library, actor friend's old plays, until you find—the very thing! *Ecce homo!* But oh, dear, no, that won't do at all. There's a line in it about the heroine's wearing a "buttercup satin," and couldn't you see, (with politely veiled impatience) that the incipient leading lady couldn't possibly wear that shade, with her color hair? You couldn't, but after due persuasion, you do.

* * *

You try again. This time the time of day doesn't give opportunity for attractive gowns. You try several times more. When you are about to suggest, more or less civilly, that one of the young aspirants write a play, herself, the brilliant idea of an evening of the act-plays strikes you. W-e-l-l, perhaps—at least it would be original and varied, and they might try some of the subtle one-act Little Playhouse things, mightn't they? They might, but by this time you're inclined to doubt whither such a trial might lead.

They are finally chosen—a short drama, broad "a," please; a folk play; a half-hour masque, too picturesque for anything; a brief modern comedy. You tactfully suggest you'd like an expression of opinion in choosing the cast, but you are diplomatically, albeit with some asperity, reminded that you are only the coach, and are to train the cast after they are chosen, not before!

* * *

Rehearsals begin. Yes, indeed, seven-thirty sharp! Because there's so much to be done, you know, and in such a short time. On the third night or so, well, of course, when the cook's late with dinner, what can one do? One can't offend her, merely to keep an engagement on time, for she's really very economical and in these days when it's one's first duty to conserve—what's that—her cue? She never could remember that line——

You plead with them not to rush in, procure the exact center of the stage, and proclaim; you urge them to forget their hands and feet; you suggest, by every means in your power that they neither stand rooted to one spot nor waft hither and thither aimlessly about as "inspiration" moves them; you insist that some glimmer of intelligent comprehension light their countenances when others are talking and they are still. Your meek advice is disdainfully ignored; they are there to express their feeling as the emotion of the thing demands, not to be bound by hard and fast movements on certain lines. Set "business"? Ridiculous!

* * *

The night of the performance arrives. So do you, laden with hand props telephoned for at the last moment. The scene shifters and stagehands are loafing on the job, their humble services, like yours, having been "donated"; and when the actual sets are up, you set the stage yourself, call the overture, ring the curtain, grasp the prompt book, utter a prayer, and prepare for the worst.

The first piece gets an appreciative laugh, even a hand or two; the audience is kind. The drama—broad "a" and all—interests them; really, your amateurs are steaming up unexpectedly well. The folk play, not too subtle, is different, it's high-browness appeals. Things are going fairly well. And the closing comedy is good, the cast remember what you told it, they do not merely walk thru their lines, they act; there are curtain-calls, plural.

* * *

You ring down the last time. Excited and congratulatory friends—of the performers, burst thru the stage door to fall on their necks and exclaim. Little animated supper-parties drift off. The promoter hails you a careless note of thanks over her shoulder as she importantly marshals her débutantes toward a late dance.

You dazedly and tiredly collect your outer garments, and go home. Never again! And yet—and yet— If one only had the chance! Oh, the very smell of the theatre——!

DRAMATICS AT PURDUE UNIVERSITY

By BERNARD SOBEL, Lafayette, Indiana

UNIQUE in the history of University Dramatics has been the record of the English Players of Purdue University, organization of student actors who have been ccessfully presenting dramas of real merit ring the last four years and who, up to now, ve given out no public statement in regard to eir work. The achievements, however, of the nglish Players are of such importance in rela- n to the history of the American drama that ey are worthy of serious consideration.

The English Department Players were organ- ed about four years ago by a group of Purdue udents who were interested in studying and ting plays. They worked, at first, under par- ularly trying circumstances as their auditorium as large and their stage very small, without a ar exit and overshadowed by a pipe organ. hese mechanical disadvantages they overcame covering the instrument with a large curtain d by forming scenery from building board. heir stage properties consisted of several chairs d a table, borrowed from the fraternity houses, gs and cut flowers, donated by the Horticul- re Department. This was all; what was miss- g was left to the imagination. Costumes were esigned by the Household Economics Depart- nt and a few simple electrical effects were de- gned by students in the School of Electrical ngineering.

FROM the first, one-act plays made up the programs, and this policy, with but two ex- ptions, has never been changed. The list of plays ven up to the present, includes several per- rmances of Dunsany, four years ago, when he as scarcely known; and a performance of Thompson," by St. John Hankin, who, even ow, is known almost exclusively to the reading ublic. The plays given the first year were "The ifth Commandment," by Stanley Houghton; "A arriage Has Been Arranged," by Alford Su- o; "A Gentle Jury," by Arlo Bates; "The Workhouse Ward," by Lady Gregory; "By Our- elves," by Fulda; "On His Devoted Head," a lay written for Coquelin; and "The Lost Silk Hat," by Lord Dunsany.

The second year the plays presented were A Doctor in Spite of Himself," by Molière; The Ghost of Jerry ungler," by W. W. Ja- obs; "The Dear De- arted," by Stanley Houghton; "In Hospital," Thomas H. Dickinson, nd "Thompson," by St. ohn Hankin.

The third year the plays ncluded "The Twelve Pound Book," by Barrie nd "Marse Covington." George Ade. In addi- ion, two pageants were lso presented; a Shake- peare pageant, in honor f the centenary, with cenes from ten plays, nd an Indiana pageant, howing dramatic inci- lents in the history of ndiana. For this year the Players have in preparation Molière's "The Miser."

In addition to furnishing a direct acquaintance with the foregoing list of plays and authors, the Players have influenced the community in a worthy way. The student body has been aroused to the cultural and inspirational value of the theatre and have been directed to the voluntary study of good plays. The local public has been made so eager for good plays that the Players have been invited to appear off the campus. They tour from one high school to another giving performances of Molière and Dunsany to audiences made up of representative public gatherings. Clubs, well content to use their imaginations have invited them to give performances without scenery. The Players have become so well established, as an organization, that they have been able to bring theatrical organizations and speakers to the University. At one time they brought Indianapolis Little Theatre Players to the University for a performance of "Suppressed Desires," 'The Maker of Dreams," and "The Lost Silk Hat." At another time they brought the Maxincuckee Mummers, with Miss Marjorie Vonnegut, now of the Washington Square Players for an evening of one-act plays. At the invitation of the Players, Prof. Thomas H. Dickinson gave a university lecture entitled "The Modern Idea of Tragedy."

Scene from Molière's "A Doctor in Spite of Himself"
Esther Evans, Charles Downs, La Cegale Bone

A unique feature in the development of the organization has been the manner in which the various departments of the University are gradually contributing toward its growth. The students in Electrical Engineering provide the electrical effects. The students in Mechanical Engineering built the curtain. The Department of Household Economics makes and designs the costumes. The School of Education has informally incorporated play-coaching in its course while the Purdue Summer School, composed largely of superintendents, principals and teachers, carries the message of good plays to the rural community. The students in Journalism provide the publicity and the students of the School of Pharmacy provide chemicals and cosmetics. Two students, Mark Liddel, Jr., now at the front, and R. J. Krieger, have designed scenery and posters.

WHILE devoting themselves to repertory, the Players have been able to develop several promising amateur actors and playwrights. Charles Downs, now "somewhere in France," has done excellent work in character rôles. Frank Ferguson, though a young man in his teens, has been able to give a noteworthy interpretation of "Harpagon," while Mary Agnew has shown original ability as a comedienne. Henry T. DeHart has written several one-act plays and the annual college musical production for last year.

The success of the English Department Players may be never competing with the professional stage. Their performances are attributed to the fact that they have been content to present plays informally. Their performances are always called "Readings in Costume" so that the general public may understand that their purpose is artistic and not professional or financial. Sometimes the plays are given free of charge; sometimes for a small fee that will help pay expenses. The Players prohibit favoritism. The student assigned a rôle must be fitted for it and capable of the proper interpretation. If he needs criticism or correction, he gets it. This arrangement is regarded as highly significant, for it can be duplicated scarcely anywhere else in the stage world.

The English Department Players in a rehearsal of Molière's "The Miser"
Ruth Whitford, Cordy Hall, J. C. Young, Homer Reprogle, Norbert Wagner, Virginia Stemm, Frank Ferguson

THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE PLAYERS

THE University of Louisville (Kentucky) Players, who recently sprang into national recognition by contributing twelve hundred dollars to the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund, the profit on their two performances of Sir James Matthew Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," are an interesting and progressive group of amateur producers, players and scenic artists.

The Players were founded first as a dramatic club of the University in 1911 and composed forty members. During the theatrical season of 1914-'15, Boyd Martin, dramatic editor of the *Courier-Journal* was secured as director and the club, under his guidance, has become an efficient and well supported organization of eighty-six active members, composing a regular credited class in Dramatics in the college. The Players make one public appearance each year, at a local theatre, and at least three minor, but equally complete, productions in their work shop, an auditorium seating about two hundred and fifty, to which the public is invited. Each week when the class meets with Mr. Martin for an hour, a one-act play is presented in the work shop and the play is directed, acted and staged by students appointed by the director. Rehearsals for public performances are held during the evening and so well is the class organized and trained that twenty rehearsals of two and a half hours each are all that have been found necessary for the production of any of their plays of an evening's length.

The first public appearance of the Players under Mr. Martin's direction was on April 29, 1915, in George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." The following year Madeleine Lucette Ryley's romantic comedy "Mice and Men" was revived and in 1917 Sardou's "A Scrap of Paper" was put on. This year "The Admirable Crichton" was the major play and it excelled in every way any previous performance given in Louisville by amateurs and rivaled in completeness many professional productions seen in "The Gateway to the South."

The Players have also presented two original plays in their work shop, Mr. Martin's "The Cradle-Snatcher" and "Phidias," a Greek tragedy written by Rolla L. Wayne, president of the players, who also built the scenery for the production, designed the costumes and acted the title rôle. Other plays in the repertoire of the Players are "Who's Who," "Sunset," "Miss Civilization," "Engaged," "The Bishop's Candle Sticks" and "The Fatal Message." George Henry Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" is now in preparation and a one-act melodrama by Mr. Martin called "The Thirty-Four."

The University of Louisville Players are "keeping the home fires burning" in dramatics, producing for the students of the college and the public and reflecting great credit upon their college, their chief patron Dr. John L. Patterson, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, themselves and their director.

Boyd Martin, Dramatic Editor of the *Courier-Journal* and Dramatic Director of the University of Louisville Players

Virginia Moremen, whose Lady Mary in "The Admirable Crichton" was her first part with the University of Louisville Players

Horace Seay, who won distinction as Cheviot Hill in "Engaged" and Lord Brocklehurst in "The Admirable Crichton"

Scene from the University of Louisville's production of W. S. Gilbert's old comedy "Engaged." Staged and played in the University of Louisville Work Shop. From left to right: Martha Dietz, W. E. Applehous and Emma Clark

"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" AS PRESENTED BY THE SULLIVAN DRAMATIC CLUB AND SULLIVAN HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS OF INDIANA

Queen of the Gipsies
(Margaret Queen)

Devilshoof, Chief of the Gipsies
(Claude Merril)

Thaddeus
(Darrel Brown)

Arline, "The Bohemian Girl"
(Mary Frances Maxwell)

THE Bohemian Girl" came and saw and conquered. That is to say, twelve hundred persons witnessed the presentation of Balfe's tuneful opera at the high school gymnasium by the Sullivan High School Chorus and Orchestra, and enjoyed every minute of it. It was a splendid success, and Prof. H. W. D. Tooley, supervisor of music, who directed the play, certainly proved himself not only a genius in handling the two hundred young actors but he displayed an array of professional talent which is exceptionally rare in high school circles. The audience was delighted.

The Ballet between Acts II and III

The students and their director had been working unceasingly for days on the presentation of "The Bohemian Girl," and the parts were well prepared. The stage settings were beautiful and the lighting effect added much to the high-grade production.

The leading characters were taken by young people possessing talent which promises great things for them, and the singing was remarkable. In spite of the fact that nearly two hundred persons were necessary to stage the play, they were handled in a masterful manner and there was hardly a hitch in the entire performance. The chorus singing was spirited, and the solo work was near the professional standard. The costumes were especially imported for the occasion, and the young folks looked most attractive in them.

One of the pleasing features of the entertainment was a dance by the Noblemen and Ladies in first act. They danced the Rye Waltz, which brought back pleasant memories to many of the older ones in the audience of the days when they were young and gay. The fair scene was a mirth producer. It looked just like a real one with Skinny the Clown, Samson the strong man, and all the rest of the coterie arrayed on dry-goods boxes and other improvised pedestals.

"The Moonlight Scene" in act two was one of the most beautiful portions of the play and the chorus singing of "Silence the Lady Moon" was splendid in its effect.

The high school orchestra did much to make the evening's presentation a success. The score was difficult but the young musicians were equal to the task, mastered it without difficulty and rendered the music in a manner beyond criticism.

The Ballet showing devastated Belgium should not be forgotten. Miss Keitha Ward, as Miss Columbia, came to minister to the stricken children of Belgium. Miss Ward's dancing was the feature of this scene.

The pantomime showed the suffering of the children of this unfortunate country. They were praying for help and finally fell, exhausted from hunger and cold, to the ground. Then enters Miss Columbia in a very happy mood, but this quickly changes to one of pity when she discovers the children. She decides to help them and dances among them, dropping flowers representing the money of the U. S. The children were revived by this help and they all knelt to give thanks to that Giver of all good things.

Count Arnheim
(Jesse A. Dix)

Florestein, nephew of the Count
(Ira Long)

(Right)

The fairness and wide blue-eyedness of Miss Winwood's type are exquisitely and strikingly set off in the frame of this hat of blue batiste, the shade of Ragged Robins embroidered in white, with a soft swathing of white mousseline around the crown and a flange of the same haloing the brim. With the hat was worn one of the simple round-necked blouses so justly popular now, in white Georgette and a string of beads in the Ragged Robin blue tone of the batiste

(Below)

The end of the summer has made smart wraps of grey chiffon and net trimmed with grey squirrel. Miss Winwood's wrap is of grey silk net lined with grey chiffon and is worn over an evening frock glittering with irridescent paillettes in mother-of-pearl lights. Flesh pink satin slippers and stockings finish off the lovely ensemble

TYPES—

MISS ESTELLE WINWOOD AN ENGLISH BEAUTY

By ANNE ARCHBALD

UNQUESTIONABLY English, Miss Winwood! I don't think you could mistake her for anything else. A splendid example of English beauty of the blonde type, with her large blue eyes, vivid yellow hair, Cupid's bow mouth, and those regular classic features that are peculiarly the property of the English race. You know? Not only a fineness and delicacy in the modeling of the bone structure, especially around the chin line, but a certain distinct harmony in the relation of the features. Miss Winwood is medium in height and of a slenderness! All of which you may see for yourselves when her new play—Arnold Bennett's "Helen With the High Hand"—opens, which it is to do shortly. We take great pleasure in showing you here some of the ways in which Miss Winwood garbs her individuality.

(Below)

For a house gown Miss Winwood has chosen this pinafore model, kimono-sleeved and falling in resolutely straight lines from shoulder to hem. It is of a rich black fibre silk embroidered all over, back as well as front, with a lovely design in peacock blue. The little border that you see running around the neck and down the sleeves is worked in a fine, dull gold thread

(Below)

Miss Winwood has found that white is one of the most becoming shades she can wear and her next preference is for blue in all its shades with dark blues for the street. Here her two favorites combined have been made up for her into a sports suit. The material is that new knitted, worsted fabric, that is to be popular Paris says, in a soft old blue with collar, cuffs and wide band on the hem in white Angora. Those ball-finished ends to the tying belt are a new note for the Fall

(Above)

A favorite peignoir of Miss Winwood's in cream-silk tulle with loose three-quarter length jacket, embroidered on the hem with old blue, lines of little steel beads, and flowers of dark crimson. It is worn over a slip of palest blue chiffon which has a most pleasing touch, in that the wide casing that runs around the body at armpit height is threaded with pink satin ribbon which emerges at both centre front and centre back in a pink satin bow and long streamers

Photos by Ira L. Hill

THE FURS I SAW IN THE BIG FUR HOUSES

By ANGELINA

If you want something quite new and original, choose this cape-wrap of mole, taupe-brocaded-lined from Révillon, with its single armhole for your left hand to come through. The idea seems to be that with the left hand you anchor the cape to your person and with the right you accomplish graceful and Toreador effects amongst the folds

AND that is practically the same as saying "the furs that are going to be worn by smart American women this Fall and the coming Winter," isn't it?

It was great fun "doing" furs, I found. And luckily the days on which I had my appointments with the Fur Houses happened to be the hottest days we had during August, so that.... Don't interrupt! I know what you wish to exclaim. "Why *lucky*, the combination of heat and furs?"

* * *

Because the homes of the furs turned out to be the coolest places in town. Naturally, poor dears, like the Polar Bear at the Zoo, they must be provided with an artificially cold climate. So, in large, airy, shaded rooms we reviewed and savored the new models at our leisure and in the greatest comfort. Besides, the psychological effect of merely considering furs and cold weather has a lowering effect on one's temperature, don't you think?

* * *

But let's get down to business. Has everybody got a comfortable chair? Yes? Well, then....

Imagine yourselves, first of all, in one of the charming and spacious English-atmosphered salons of Balch, Price in Brooklyn, with a young and good-looking member of the firm to do the honors, an Englishman as chief showman and instructor, and a pretty *mannequin, trés aimable*, on which to display the furs.

* * *

We are shown to begin with a series of long cape-wraps which we are told are to take the place, even in the daytime, of the more fitted coats of last season. They all have deep cape-yokes coming well down over the shoulders, big collars, and slits or semi-sleeves for the arms to come through. There is one in mole with an amusing collar that wraps round the neck and falls in taupe-tasselled points at the back (see the sketch at the end). There is a beauty all of Hudson Seal, the black of its pelt peculiarly deep and rich and velvety, since "the American dyes are getting better every day." There is a squirrel (I should say Balch Price specialized in squirrel, so soft in color and so plumage-like are their squirrel skins) day and evening wrap lined engagingly with a tan and blue Batik silk.

This Russian Sable wrap from Balch, Price combines a stole and a cape, the belt of the garment running around in the back underneath the cape which is fringed with sable tails. Lift up an end of the stole and see the beautifully finished details of the green and brown lining, the little pocket, the silk flower at the corner

Gunther tells us that Hudson Seal is to continue holding its own in popularity especially for long coats, but it must be made up on the new semi-fitting lines like this cape-wrap, with its deep yoke and half-sleeves. Here Kolinsky forms the wrap's big collar and cuffs, but, of course, one may have Skunk or Chinchilla, or any combination one likes

But then all of the Balch Price linings are most unusual,—that's another of their specialties.

* * *

After the coat-wraps we are shown the coatees, which are to continue their popularity for the winter; the stoles, some of them combined with a cape-back (such as you may see in the sketch of the Russian sable garment shown here) to make a fur piece new and original; and the fox skins, which are being brought back in much larger shape and spread flat over the shoulders. Lastly, as a great treat, the wonderful Russian sable coat that had been "in work" for Mrs. W. E. Corey, in years past the musical comedy prima donna, Mabelle Gilman, since early spring and was now all complete save for the choice of a lining.

* * *

Now bring your chair with you over to Gunther's big shop on Fifth Avenue. We are equally at ease in its dim interior. Not too dim, however, to see the rich quality of the furs used in the very latest thing in coat-wraps. Note the deep cape-yokes again, the large muffling collars

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The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

THE FURS I SAW IN THE BIG FUR HOUSES

(Continued from page 168.)

on top of them, and either the arm slits or half sleeves, as in the upper right hand sketch.

See the long coat of Persian moiré with chinchilla collar and cuffs, the moiré supple and fine as a piece of velvet or silk. I should like so much to have one of those suits of Persian moiré, short skirt of the fur and little jacket, if Father could be induced to "come across." Persian moiré, broadtail, Persian lamb, are all to be very popular this year, the courteous gentleman tells us. So is Hudson Seal, he adds. "It will continue to hold its own in popularity and we are making up many seven-eights coats of it."

Isn't that a stunning Hudson Seal model the *mannequin* is just showing, with its Kolinsky collar and cuffs? So smart! So adorably becoming! And one could wear it anywhere, anytime. Let's take a sketch of it.

* * *

Take a quick leap from lower to upper Fifth Avenue. Set the imaginary stage at Révillon next. What an original wrap that long one of mole (you see again that the definitely sleeved coat is *not* to be *grand chic*) with egress for only the left arm. The right clutches the wrap from inside and draws it into graceful folds. Slim Désirée Lubovska, the Russian, who dances in the new Revue, "Everything," should have such a coat. She loves those different-sided effects in her costumes. I am sure she would wear with it one white pearl and one black pearl earring, and whoever buys the coat should adopt such a harmony.

* * *

Révillon will feature, they said, soft sable stoles, made of four or five skins fastened to each other end to end and each joining finished with tails and claws. We saw such a one in Hudson Bay sable. Another composed of two skins, the joining brought about by having the skin of the one sable held clasped at right angles in the small jaws of the other.

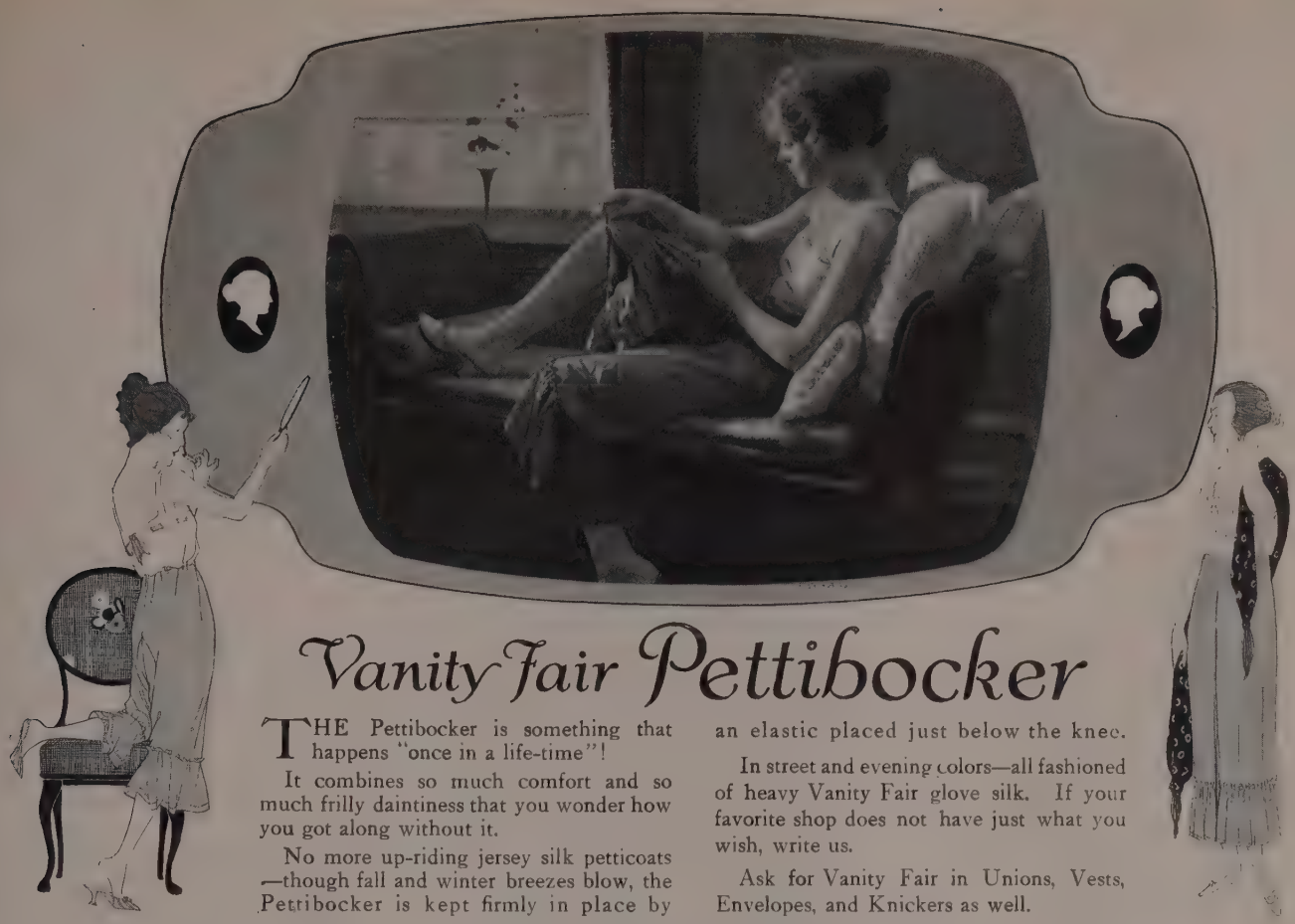
* * *

At Shayne's, on Forty-scond Street—yes, we're over there now—we find the most wonderful assortment of muffs, large as those of the Eighteenth Century, small as those of the 1880 period, oblong or pillow or the new canteen shape, any shape and any fur or combinations thereof you may have wished for, and several that you have never thought of.

And we hear fisher, though scarce, is to be exceedingly popular—if you can reconcile such statements.

Ermine, like that other aristocrat Sable, like old furniture and real lace, never comes in or goes out it just stays. Though it does change its shape with every season. C. C. Shayne shows for the coming one this graceful stole and muff,—muffs by the way in every shape and size and pelt to suit the heart's desire being one of their specialties

Next month I shall take you to A. Jaeckel and Co., who have promised to show me some lovely furs "specially" for my readers.



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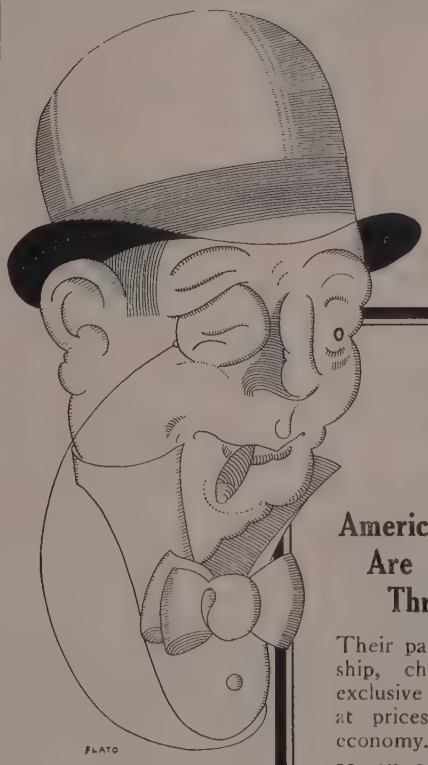

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VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD expels all impurities of the skin, clears the pores, imparts beauty and softness; wards off wrinkles and crow's-feet. Valaze repairs the daily beauty wastage, removing freckles and tan and dispels the tanning and staining effects of sunburn. Valaze restores and preserves the natural beauty of the skin. Price $1.25, $2.25 and $6.50.

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FOR A DRY SKIN the "Special" is used. $2.20, $4.40.

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That is the way the actress gains and keeps her youth and beauty, through relentless and untiring devotion to beauty routine.

Though the routine should be varied from time to time, Miss Gail Kane says:

"I have a pet theory gained from my stage and movie experience," she told me recently, "that the skin needs variety, a change in its environment every so often, just as much as the whole human being. If you keep using the same kind of treatment or the same cream on the face month in, month out, you lose the full benefit of it. The first fresh stimulus wears away, just as it does with everything else.

"So I use several kinds of creams—not just any creams, of course, haphazard, but those that I have tried out—and different schemes of treatment.

"And I like to be open-minded about trying a new wash or cream or powder, if it comes to me well recommended through a source that I have found reliable. Chemists and beauty people are working and experimenting on the subject all the time and constantly discovering ingredients or new combinations of ingredients to aid and abet nature; and if a woman insists on sticking conservatively to the same cosmetics forever she loses out in the race for beauty—a race that has more competitors and gets keener, I might almost say fiercer, every day.

"Only last week an English actress was expressing to me her wonder and admiration over American women." 'In England,' she said, 'if one is pretty it is something to be noticed. Everybody crowds round and you get singled out for a lot of attention. But over here *everybody* is pretty or good-looking or noticeable in some way, because you give so much clever attention to your appearance and take so much pains over it.'"

Miss Kane was looking extraordinarily fit when I saw her, especially considering the fact that she has been constantly at work, even through the hot weather, on moving pictures, with many "outside locations" to take her out of doors.

"How do you manage to keep your skin looking so pink and white, so free from the effects of the sun?" I asked her, with an eager personal curiosity—since it is the face problem we're all most concerned with just now.

"Oh, my moving picture make-up with its underlayer of cream takes care of that," she replied. "And if the sun has been particularly scorching and I find when I get home at night that sunburn has crept underneath my make-up I use a combination of oil with a few drops of lime water added.

"A life guard on one of the beaches where I was spending the summer once told me about that remedy. It's what the life guards themselves use. And I've heard they keep such a preparation on hand in factories that manufacture inflammatory materials, where the operators are likely to incur burns."

Witch-hazel is another good old-fashioned stand-by of a remedy for sunburn. And an English actress tells me that the English women who are out in the open so much and yet retain their beautiful rose and white complexions are very fond of a compound of lemon and glycerine, or lemon and rosewater. The combination must be mixed however, a few drops of glycerine and a few drops of lemon juice, as glycerine used alone on the skin is not good for it.

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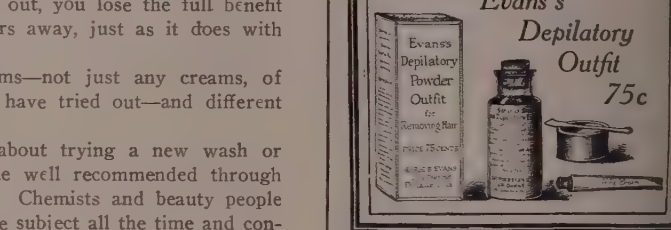

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WALTON H. MARSHALL,
Manager

To Theatre Magazine Subscribers

The Government is sending broadcast—not an S. O. S. signal, but a request for conservation in all sorts of business and in all walks of life. The cost of paper is going up—and the supply going down.

The new postal rates for magazines which went into effect July 1st, means an increased expense for postage to all publishers, of from 50% to 300%!!

We have been carrying our share of the extra cost of production, paper, and what-not, right along, but now, in common with all publishers, we will be compelled to increase the subscription price of the Theatre Magazine.

Before the increase goes into effect, we send you this special invitation—

Send us the renewal of your subscription—whether it expires now, or a year from now—at the present rate of $3.50, and it will be accepted providing it reaches us not later than October 1st.

After that date, subscriptions will only be accepted at the increased rate. You must act NOW if you want to take advantage of the present rate.

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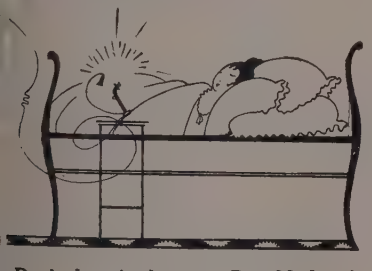

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This book tells you what you have been wanting to know about all the principal racial and territorial problems involved in the war; the problems of the Ukraine, the Yugo-Slav territories, Poland, Belgium, the Baltic Provinces, Mesopotamia, etc., etc.

In the presentation of each problem there is given a short historical background, an economic survey, and a clear analysis of the facts that one most desires to know; such facts as, the location of the territory, the different races comprising the population, what nation has controlled or occupied the territory, the political, economic, strategic, racial, cultural, and religious interests that various nations have in the territory, and a summary of the various solutions that have been proposed. There are thirteen political, racial and economic maps.

"Stakes of the War" is by Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank, is warmly recommended by Ex-President Taft, and is published by The Century Co., New York. It is at all book stores. Price $2.50.

The Flame That is France

This is the book that won the famous Goncourt Prize for Henry Malherbe for 1917, awarded the previous year to the author of "Under Fire." In it you feel the fire that makes France what it is—the most loved nation in the world. Made up of impassioned meditations in the trenches and fragmentary, impressionistic sketches of battle life and incident, some tragic, some pathetic, some repulsive, all compelling, it embodies at the same time the weariness and the burning, unconquerable resolution of France at war. The imaginative element that is so pronounced in the author's reflections, together with his grace of expression, lifts his book far above most of its kind.

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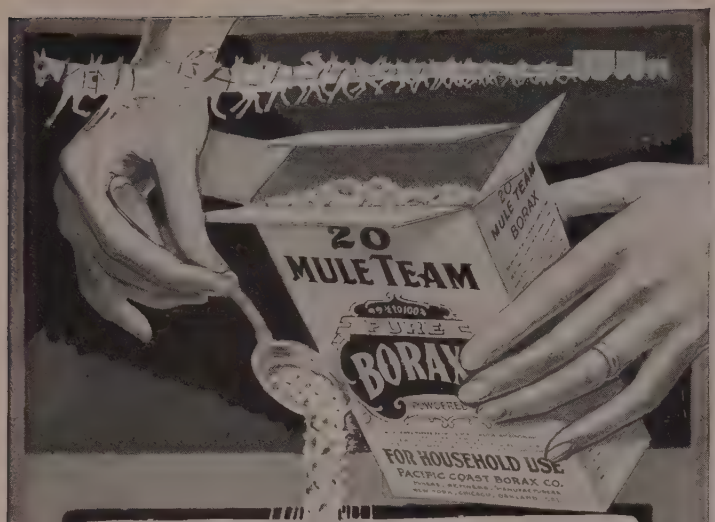

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For the Bath

OBITUARY

ANNA HELD DEAD

AFTER making a long and brave fight for life, Anna Held, the well-known actress and singer, died in New York on August 12 last of pneumonia, aggravated by pernicious anaemia.

Miss Held was born in Paris of Polish parents in 1873, and made her stage début in London at the Princess Theatre. Subsequently, she sang at various music halls all over Europe, and returning to London in 1895 appeared with notable success at the Palace Theatre. She first came to America in 1896, appearing at the Herald Square Theatre in "A Parlor Match." At the Lyric Theatre, October 20, 1897, she played the part of Alesia, in "La Poupée" with great success, and at the Manhattan, in 1899, she was seen as Anna, in "Papa's Wife." Other successful rôles were Niniche, in "The Little Duchess," Ma'm'selle Mars, in "Napoleon," Mimi, in "Higgledy Piggledy," and Mrs. Trimley Dazzle, in "The College Widow." At the Opera House, Philadelphia, October 2, 1906, she was seen for the first time as Anna in "The Parisian Model," and in the same city November, 1908, she originated the part of Miss Innocence. She was married to Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the well-known theatrical manager, but subsequently they separated.

The actress' funeral, which took place on August 14, was attended by 1,500 persons, most of them friends or associates of the popular comedienne.

HARRY GILFOIL

HARRY GILFOIL, the well-known comedian, died at his home at Bayshore, Long Island, on Saturday, August 10th. For some time he had suffered from heart and kidney disease.

Mr. Gilfoil, whose family name was Frank B. Graff, was born in Washington, D. C., fifty-three years ago. At seventeen, he made his stage début, and later was identified with a number of Charles Hoyt's plays. Klaw & Erlanger featured him in "The Liberty Belles," and for one season he appeared in "The Strollers." He was leading comedian with Blanche Ring for four years. While appearing in the Hoyt pieces, he went to Europe three times. Of late years he has been appearing in vaudeville, his expert whistling serving him well in comedy rôles.

Mr. Gilfoil was a member of the Lambs Club, Actors' Fund, the Elks, National Vaudeville Association, and Hyatt Lodge, Masons, in Brooklyn. His widow, Mrs. Louise De Rozas Graff, survives him.

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 144.)

PLAYHOUSE. "SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP." Farce in three acts, by Mark Swan. Produced August 12th.

THE only inspiration that came to Mark Swan when he wrote "She Walked in Her Sleep," concerned somnambulism as a farce motif. That being duly set down, he proceeded to write a very laborious and mechanical farce. It is all the old familiar story of the young people trying to deceive wives, husbands, and mother-in-law, and incidentally to conciliate a fire-eater, about suspicious-looking circumstances.

The acting for the most part is distinguished by no unusual exhibition of talent. And the direction includes every time-tried trick of the *farceur* that has been used since the days of good Queen Bess. The whole affair struck me as an intensive campaign for laughter at any price, with much silliness and inanity as inevitable by-products.

Alberta Burton was a lovely vision as "La Somnambula"; and Eva Williams, as the slavey, proved a hard-working and occasionally successful grotesque for farce.

VICTOR RECORDS

OVER THERE," the song for which George M. Cohan was paid $25,000 by a music publisher, is undeniably the most popular war song in America to-day. It is as sweeping a favorite with the American people as *"Tipperary."* And because *"Over There"* is "the people's choice" as the best American song produced by the war, the public is now afforded the opportunity of hearing it sung by the world's greatest tenor on the Victrola. Never before has Caruso made a Victor Record of one of the so-called "popular" songs. A song by George M. Cohan sung by Enrico Caruso is something new in the musical world. Every American who hears the record will thank Caruso mentally when the great tenor's stalwart voice rings out, "We won't come back till it's over 'Over There.'" Caruso has sung the second verse of the song in French as a touch of homage to that great people.

John McCormack's new record is also a war song. The music of *"Dear Old Pal of Mine"* is full of the most exquisite tenderness.—*Adv.*

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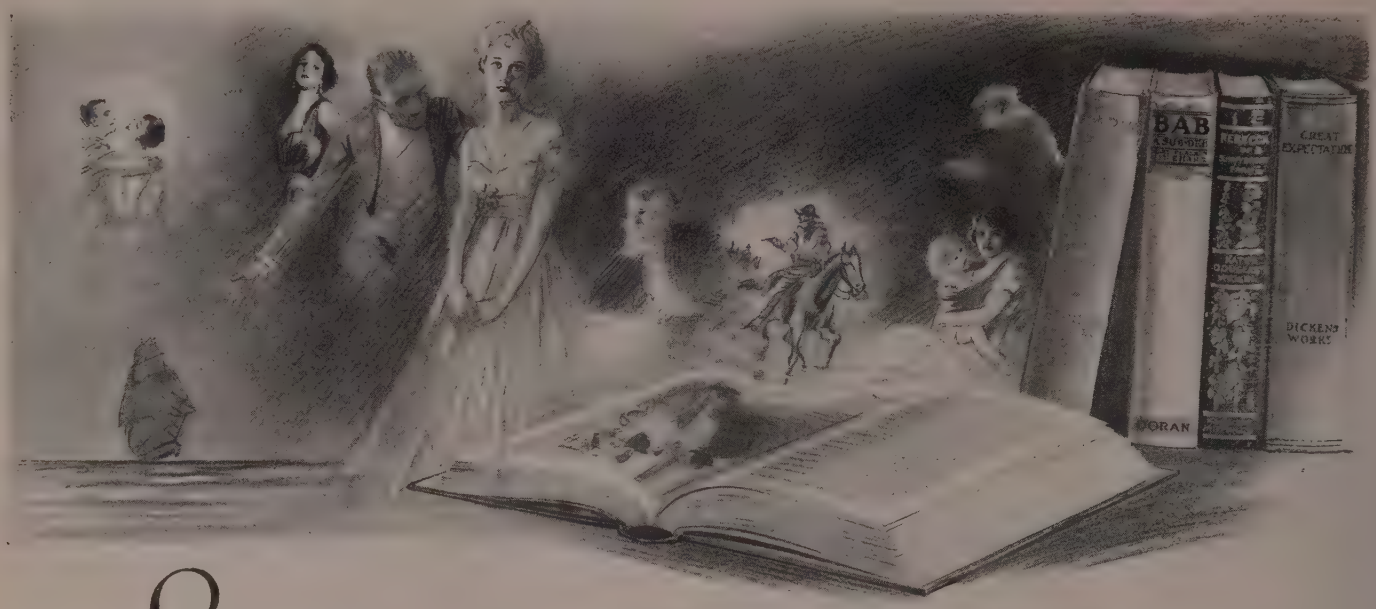
MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO

ETHEL GREY TERRY

Who plays the leading feminine rôle opposite John Sunderland in Education's film spectacle "When the Giant Wakes"



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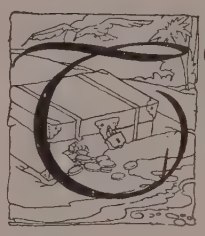

TO see the characters of a famous novel come to life upon the screen is a tremendous thing!

There, *alive*, in flesh and blood, is the hero, or heroine, whose exploits you followed breathlessly upon the printed page.

To the great organization behind *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures we are indebted for this in the case of "Tom Sawyer", "Oliver Twist", "The Sub-Deb Stories", "Cinderella", "Old Wives for New", "David Harum" "The Bottle Imp", "To Have and to Hold", "Great Expectations", "The Virginian", "The Firefly of France", "His Majesty Bunker Bean", "The Varmint", Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird", "M'liss", "Resurrection", and literally scores upon scores of others.

The beloved characters of these romances find a new and rich lease of life in the talent of the *equally beloved stars of Paramount and Artcraft*,

—foremost in *their* world as the fiction-characters in *theirs*,

—as superbly directed in *their actions* as were those they portray,

—and doubly fascinating because touched with all the warmth and light of life.

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NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

There Are None So Blind As Those Who Will Not See

THE mouthpiece of every film corporation is the head of its publicity department. When that head speaks in this wise it is time that the public at large be informed of the true facts.

Arthur James speaking for the Metro Pictures Corporation, emphatically states in an article recently written for the "Moving Picture World" that money spent for motion picture advertising in magazines reaching the general public is just so much money thrown out of the window. Pretty broad statement that, and one that literally translated means that the general public must be entertained as the exhibitor sees fit, for without the knowledge that magazine advertising would impart concerning the latest release news of the motion picture industry they must needs suffer without choice whatever the exhibitor chooses to offer. There may however be two reasons, and they are excellent reasons for Mr. James' statement, first the Metro may not be financially able to advertise to the public at large, second the Metro may have nothing worthwhile advertising. After seeing a great number of their pictures I can readily understand the plausibility of the latter reason.

It is time that the right of the picture fan to pick his movie be recognized in much the same way as the automobile manufacturers take the public into their confidence. Paramount and Artcraft, saw the light a couple of years ago and have been making hay ever since. They have been the pioneers in the movement to make the layman a confidant and partner of their enterprises, with the result that the brand names Paramount and Artcraft are as well known as "Onyx" Hosiery or Murad Cigarettes

And that is what the motion picture industry must come to, if it desires to remain an industry. There isn't a tinker's chance of fooling anyone, man, woman or child into going into a picture house that shows anything but clean, entertaining, and educational features. Those days are over.

Moving pictures are now a commodity, a staple if you will, but absolutely an essential, adjudged so by the United States Government. Do you know of any necessity that is not well advertised? Do you know of any other staple that you have got to buy without choice, preference, or knowledge?

The producer who grades the exhibitor first and the picture fan second is making a grievous error. The exhibitor is only essential inasmuch as there must be some place to exhibit. It is distinctly up to the public to patronize the place of exhibition. Some will argue that the exhibitor advertises the pictures he exhibits. In a very small way he does, more often he fights against the additional expense. Incidently he expects the producer to do his advertising for him, the best proof that he considers the public far more essential than he does his theatre.

The penny-ante days are over. The public demands information. They are entitled to it and it is to be hoped that producers will awake from their dormant state, and give motion picture lovers their just due—enlightenment.

MIRILO.

JUST IMAGINE

THERE was Fred Stone, Enrico Caruso and Lila Lee, three stage stars who had never faced a motion-picture camera. John Barrymore, Ernest Truex and Shirley Mason, three stage and screen stars who knew a lot about both fields of acting, and Bryant Washburn, Ethel Clayton and Dorothy Gish, veterans of the screen who could give pointers to all their distinguished confrères without half trying.

* * *

It was a memorable occasion, and, as the country reporters have it, "a good time was had by all"—except me.

I was wedged in between big Caruso and little Ernest Truex and kept dropping my pencil—together with the tag ends of the conversation—which left me—well, rather hung up, in my attempt to weave it altogether for this story.

The Famous Players studio, at Fort Lee, was the scene of the festivities and a more notable assemblage of players than this it would have been hard to find. There, under the great glass roof, were gathered the stars of Paramount and Artcraft. Not all of them, to be sure, but most of the new ones—who had been invited to a sort of "studio warming"—to meet each other and get acquainted with their new home. Of

Sarony

SHIRLEY MASON

course, some of them would later depart for the company's studios at Hollywood, California, but, as yet, no one had even made his Pullman reservations.

* * *

"Among those present"—further to quote our budding reporters—were Fred Stone, beloved comedian, once of Montgomery and Stone; Enrico Caruso, the great operatic tenor; demure Lila Lee, of vaudeville fame, where in Gus Edwards' Revue she has been known as "Cuddles"; Bryant Washburn and Ethel Clayton, two popular movie stars of long standing; Dorothy Gish, who won her fame in "Hearts of the World"; Shirley Mason, the "Poor Little Rich Girl"; Ernest Truex, of "The Very Idea," and John Barrymore, of "Peter Ibbetson," all well known on both stage and screen.

John Barrymore began it by betting Fred Stone that he'd have the worst "stage fright" of his life on the occasion of his first appearance before the camera—worse than he had ever experienced in the far-away days of his first stage appearances.

* * *

"Impossible," laughed Stone. "If you knew the sort of sinking feeling first nights give me, even now—even did in "The Jack O'Lantern," you'd know it *couldn't* be worse."

"Well, personally, I'd rather play to an audience of crowned heads and uncrowned critics

© Mishkin

ENRICO CARUSO

than to a mere camera and a select audience of those things they call studio carpenters," said Barrymore. "Then, on the stage, you usually know what it's all about. That would never do in the movies, at least in the farce comedies such as the one I'm to do first, 'On the Quiet.' From all I'm able to gather, if they let the leading characters in on the idea of the thing it would simply ruin the show. They simply say, 'This is the bar-room scene,' and then they take it. Judged superficially, every effort is made to mystify the actors as much as possible concerning the plot and the story. It is quite easy to do that because they start with the fifth scene, then take the third, following it successively with the seventh and the first. By that time any remote conception of the part which you might have possessed has left completely and you are in a position to act according to inspiration, unclouded by thought."

* * *

"It sounds well, Mr. Barrymore, but 'tain't so,' and you know it." It was Ethel Clayton who dared to contradict the Peter Ibbetson of the screen. "I already have the script of my first picture for Paramount, 'Leah Kleschna,' and I know where every scene is, when it will be taken, what sort of a girl I am supposed to be in the beginning, in the middle and at the end and every solitary thing appertaining to the aforesaid part, as they say in the law journals. It isn't right that you mislead Mr. Stone and Mr. Caruso to such an extent, to say nothing of this youngster, Lila Lee. You'll frighten her."

The sixteen-year-old experience of Miss Lee began to bristle. "I'm not such a youngster as I was once, you know," she explained. "At least, I'm not the studio kind of youngster, because I know nothing about the picture studio. I know the vaudeville and stage child well, for I was one once, long ago, just after I sang 'Ring Around a Rosy' in the streets of Union Hill, New Jersey, when I was five years old and Mr. Edwards came along and asked me if I wanted to go into vaudeville. I said, 'Yes,' and then Mr. Lasky came along a few years later and asked me if I wanted to go into pictures and I said 'Yes' again."

* * *

"I was a studio child myself back in the days when Mr. Griffith taught Lillian and me how to act before the camera," said Dorothy Gish, "but in the later years, three years later, I have often wondered whence the studio children are and where they go. They are a strange race, for the most part. There was one in a recent picture my sister and I were in. It must have been just born. Produced for the occasion, I imagine. At any rate, it was so little that I never even noticed it until I saw its mother peeling a large and formidable banana for it. In a panic I called my sister Lillian's attention to the impending frightfulness and she grasped the woman by the arm, saying, 'Surely, you are not going to give that little baby the banana?'

Moffett

CAROLINA WHITE

The woman looked her coldly in the eye and said, 'It's all right, miss. I ain't going to give it to him until the scene is took!"

So saying, "the little disturber" began to learn a "Kitchener heel" from Ethel Clayton, while a hilarious chorus applauded each move. Bryant Washburn and his (*Concluded on page* 183)

Dorothy Gish who needs no introduction

Hartsook

Gloria Hope plays an important part in D. W. Griffith's Artcraft feature, "The Great Love"

Witzel

Ora Carew as she appears in the forthcoming Pathé serial, "The Wolf Faced Man"

Evans

Leatrice Joy, a western film favorite

Witzel

Bessie Barriscale, popular Paralta star

CHARMING—
PETITE—
SWEET—

BLANCHE SWEET

RETURNS
TO THE
SCREEN
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF
HARRY GARSON

MISS SWEET returns to the screen after an absence of one year and a half, and has just completed her first picture, "The Hushed Hour," from the story of that name by Gertrude Brookes Hamilton, and which is said to be a screen sensation. The cast itself is a "knockout," including such luminaries as Mary Anderson, Rosemary Theby, Gloria Hope, Milton Sills, Wilfred Lucas, Harry Northrup and Wyndam Standing. Miss Sweet's next picture will be "The Unpardonable Sin," by Rupert Hughes

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

STRAND THEATRE. "The Border Legion," with Blanche Bates. T. Hayes Hunter presents Blanche Bates supported by Hobart Bosworth in "The Border Legion," adapted from Zane Grey's novel by the same name. "The Border Legion" heralds Blanche Bates' initial screen appearance. It also heralds several other heretofore overlooked personages. T. Hayes Hunter has accomplished a worthy achievement in the picturization of "The Border Legion." Blanche Bates is a veritable surprise for a woman of her years. She accomplishes on the screen the ability to win her audience immediately in a most trying rôle. If one chooses to forget the lack of youth in Miss Bates and puts her performance paramount to her age, a creditable portrayal of Joan Randall has been depicted. "The Border Legion" is a story of the red-blooded days of the West when bandits and the pony express were the fact. Hobart Bosworth as Jack Kells, a killer of the lowest order plays his part exceptionally well except in certain instances where he is inclined to overact. But the real surprise of the picture is Eugene Strong as Jim Cleeve. Strong possesses every attribute required in the making of a screen star, and this picture which has given him his first real chance should mean big advancement for him. In all probability some producer will see the possibilities in Strong and star him—he is worthy of it. T. Hayes Hunter under whose direction this production was made has overlooked nothing. Photographically and from a technical standpoint the picture is all that can be desired. It will be a big favorite wherever shown.

* * *

GEORGE M. COHAN THEATRE. "America's Answer." The second United States official war picture presented by the Committee on Public Information, George Creel, Chairman, through the Division of Films is entitled "America's Answer." Taken by the U. S. Signal Corps, A. E. F., under the direction of General John J. Pershing. "America's Answer" is a successor to "Pershing's Crusaders," and a most worthy successor it is. It brings home to our shores, our homes, and particularly to our hearts the work of the boys we have sent to fight our fight in France. It depicts their lives and their accomplishments. It is presented in a vivid way not easily forgotten. As shown at the George M. Cohan Theatre, the scenic embellishment, the patriotic tableau vivant and the descriptive musical score were arranged by S. L. Rothapfel with excellent results. The titles were written by Kenneth C. Beaton, better known as K. C. B., and are a classic in themselves. Before the actual showing of the picture the National anthem was sung by Percy Hemus and his singing sailors from Pelham Bay Naval Station. Naturally "America's Answer" will be seen by every man, woman and child who has the price of admission, and it will be only then, after seeing this picture, that the real value of the motion pictures will be realized, for never before in any previous war has it been possible to obtain and keep a motion picturization library. This country owes much to the motion pictures, and undoubtedly will never forget its debt, but will in the future, as it has in the past, do everything possible to further its scope.

* * *

RIALTO THEATRE. "The Nine O'Clock Town," with Charles Ray. Thomas H. Ince presents Charles Ray in "The Nine O'Clock Town," written and directed by Victor L. Schertzinger. In this picture Charles Ray plays the part of a boob who succeeds in making a success out of his father's country store after many misadventures. The picture has been well directed and proves a suitable medium for Ray. It also serves to bring out even more forcibly than heretofore the ability of J. Novak. We predict that one of these days J. Novak will be featured. The picture will please any audience, which is saying a whole lot.

* * *

RIVOLI THEATRE. "Bound in Morocco," with Douglas Fairbanks. "Bound in Morocco," with Douglas Fairbanks is written and directed by Allen Dwan. It is, in my opinion the poorest picture in which, up to date, Fairbanks has appeared. That this fact was realized by Artcraft is immediately evidenced by a sub-title which tells the audience exactly what rot they are going to sit through, and for once it is truthful in its assertion. In this picture Fairbanks does nothing new, nor is he particularly entertaining. The outstanding feature of the picture is the ability of the director to turn what is supposed to be the desert into an automobile race track. There is no particular entertainment afforded any one in "Bound in Morocco."

* * *

ASTOR AIRDOME. "The Kid Is Clever." William Fox presents "The Kid Is Clever" with George Walsh, directed by R. A. Walsh This picture opens interesting possibilities for George Walsh's future screen productions, inasmuch as Walsh shows decided ability to, in a small way, emulate the Fairbank's style of acting. The titles are genuinely funny, and the story, though obvious, has been interestingly depicted. The weak part of this picture is the last two or three hundred feet of film, which could better be dispensed with. R. A. Walsh directed this feature in a manner highly creditable.

* * *

RIVOLI THEATRE. "The Far Flung Battle Line," an official British war film, and "Spring Time a la Carte," an O. Henry story. These two pictures provided a varied and entertaining programme, and one which, had it not been for the extreme heat, would have drawn capacity audiences. "The Far Flung Battle Line" is an interesting exposition of British activities on land and sea, at home and in her colonies, and has proved conclusively the inability and the impossibility of the Hun conquering. The screen adaptation of "Spring Time a la Carte" has been well done and like most O. Henry stories proved an interesting short reel feature—the kind that we all like to see for a change.

JUST IMAGINE

(*Continued from page* 180)

Boston bull, a handsome, if somewhat temperamental animal, played tag with the yarn—the pup doubtless mistaking it for his best enemy, Mrs. Washburn's angora kitten.

* * *

Just then, Washburn, who had been fairly quiet, began to talk about his coming picture, "The Gypsy Trail." At the same time, Dorothy dropped a stitch and I my pencil. Caruso—who, by the way—is delightfully polite and oh, *foreign*, if you get what I mean, picked it up.

* * *

I had lost what Washburn had to say, but someone told me afterward that he was first of all to appear in a Cecil B. DeMille picture, "Paths of Glory," with beautiful Florence Vidor—so probably it was something about the picture.

"Well, it's enough like the stage for me," said Caruso, picking up the dropped conversational stitch, as he walked about among the leaning pieces of scenery—for there *is* scenery, even in the best regulated studios. "When I decided to enter the 'movies' they told me that I would have to learn everything all over again, but here I see the same old "props," the same unsettled confusion and," smiling a little, "some of the same old friends."

* * *

"Of course, the rehearsing is very different," supplied Fred Stone, "because here one rehearses just enough to get thoroughly into the spirit of the scene and presto! it is finished. Personally, I believe I like this way best." A duet of "you said it" arose from the direction of Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex, who were discussing "Come On In," their first Paramount picture, staged and written by John Emerson and Anita Loos respectively. Both Miss Mason and Truex are stage veterans as well as screen players—and so in a position to know whereof they *spake*.

* * *

With that Stone turned a double cartwheel after Dorothy Gish's wool, which had escaped both her and the vigilant dog, and, with a scarecrow bow, he then returned it to her.

"There is a difference in make-up,' said Shirley Mason, "that I discovered to my cost the first time I ever appeared in pictures. I put it on matter-of-factly just as I would have for a stage production, and for some unknown reason nobody noticed it—or at any rate no one said anything to me. Well, I wish you could have seen the results! Terrific black hollows on the cheeks, black lips and as to eyes—well, they were indescribable."

* * *

At this point Mr. Zukor appeared and nine million dollars worth of talent with Fred Stone in the lead and Bryant Washburn a close second made a bee line for the waiting machines.

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Louise Huff is now a World Film star, which fact should add prestige to that programme

Jane and Katherine Lee in a scene from their latest production "Doing Their Bit"

Ethel Clayton in "The Girl Who Came Back," a Paramount Picture

A scene from "The Love Chase" with Billie Burke in the stellar rôle—a Paramount production

UNWINDING THE REEL

BEGINNING with the twelfth of August, Miss Anna Case, grand opera prima donna and star of the concert stage, will forsake, for a little while, the work in which she has made such a wonderful success to employ her talents in an absolutely new line of endeavor. As in the case of many of her contemporaries, the lure of the screen is in her blood and she is to become a picture star, under the banner of the International Film Service Co., Inc.

Miss Case owes her success entirely to her own efforts. Of course she was fortunate to be born with a voice but, unfortunately, her parents were not in a position to allow her to have that voice cultivated. But this didn't deter her—instead of giving up, as many girls would have done, she started to fight her way from the very bottom of the ladder of success, climbing, rung by rung, until she reached its uppermost pinnacle. Selling newspapers, driving the station hack in her home town, church choir work, small concerts, making records for phonograph companies, all helped to pay for her musical education, and, with her eye ever on the horizon of big achievements, she swept all obstacles from her path, never slackening her pace until she reached her goal.

* * *

EDWARD EARLE'S latest O. Henry picture, entitled "$1,000," was made almost entirely on Fifth Avenue, New York. In a letter to a friend in California, Mr. Earle relates the folowing experience which occurred during the making of this Vitagraph story:

"I drove a racing car on Fifth Avenue from 59th to 19th streets in five minutes, 35 miles an hour. Not a stop and traffic was not held up. We had arranged it with tne Traffic Department. And to speed on the right and wrong sides of the streets was a thrill. We passed three of the Fifth Avenue busses, laden with the French Blue-Devils. They became greatly excited as we were being followed by cycle policemen. It all happened at twelve noon—and recalling the traffic on Fifth Avenue at that hour, you will realize just what an exciting venture this was."

* * *

EDNA EARLE writes from somewhere in Oklahoma that she has acquired a ranch by way of a new Oklahoma land mark, and is now enroute to New York city with her father and brother.

* * *

WILLIAM DUNCAN is finding life just one thrill after another these days as he is on the final lap of the big Vitagraph serial, "A Fight for Millions," now being released and showing at a string of theatres from east to west.

THOMAS H. INCE and his popular young star, Charles Ray, are the originators of a novel plan to assist the government in its War Savings campaign.

Briefly, it is this: As all celebrities of stage and screen receive hundreds of requests a week for autographed photos, Mr. Ince and his star have figured out that if each request is accompanied by a Thrift Stamp the government will net a considerable amount in small loans.

"Ah, the actor or actress to keep the Thrift Stamp in payment for the photo!" you say.

But you're wrong.

Thomas H. Ince and Charles Ray, two men who have materially aided the Government in selling War Savings Stamps

Read on:

The star is to return the Thrift Stamp; he or she merely would wish it enclosed as evidence that his or her admirer is patriotic and willing to allow Uncle Sam the use of a paltry twenty-five cents with which to help fight for the great cause of Liberty and Democracy.

Now, it is the idea of Mr. Ince and Mr. Ray that the star paste the Thrift Stamp on a photo, and, if requested, autograph the stamp. However, this would cancel the stamp—it could not be redeemed; but what a corking souvenir of the World's War! And Uncle Sam would be richer by "two bits"—'cause the stamp would thereby carry no obligation. But unless requested the star would only autograph the photo without destroying the value of the stamp.

* * *

THE idea was exploited, recently, in the program of an Ocean Park, Cal., theatre, and within a few days Mr. Ray had received scores of letters with Thrift Stamps enclosed. And most of 'em read: "Autograph the stamp!"

Motley H. Flint, the well known California banker, who is conducting the War Savings campaign in Los Angeles, is enthusiastic over the unique plan, and has suggested to Washington that all screen and stage celebrities be asked to follow suit. Mr. Ince's other stars have already joined hands with Mr. Ray.

"If the plan was universally adopted by every star, both of motion pictures and the stage, it would be the means of bringing into the war chest of the United States a mighty sum with which to fight the arch-enemy of civilization—William Hohenzollern, of Berlin," says Mr. Flint. "The fact that Mr. Ray will return each Thrift Stamp sent him, and pay for the cost of his photos and mailing out of his own pocket, is evidence of a patriotism that is characteristic of Americans."

So if you want a photo of Charles Ray—a Thrift Stamp, please, and be sure to say whether you want the stamp or the photo autographed. Address all letters to Mr. Ray in care of the Thomas H. Ince Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

TAYLOR HOLMES, the popular light comedian, has arrived at Triangle Culver City studios and will start work at once in the first of a series of superproductions in which he is to be featured. Mr. Holmes will be handled by his own director, Lawrence Windom, and Dr. Daniel Carson Goodman, head of the Triangle Scenario Department, has selected a medium that will give full play to all of the qualities for which this comedian is famous. His work in "Ruggles o Red Gap," "A Pair of Sixes" an "Uneasy Money," is familiar everyone and his first release und the Triangle trade-mark will eagerly looked for.

* * *

IT'S an ill wind that blows som body good—some times. Direct Henry Otto was just bringing h filming of William Desmond, "Wild Life," to a brilliant finis when the leading lady of the com pany, Josie Sedgwick, fell an sprained her ankle badly. In co sequence all the sets in which Mi Sedgwick was to appear had to "stalled," but Director Otto, not ing daunted, took his company an fled to the open, making a lot out-door stuff in the Santa Moni Canyon. Here he secured sever unusually fine "shots," one in pa ticular being sufficiently thrilling satisfy the most exacting movie-fa This shows a stage coach, loade with people and pursued by bandit reaching the top of a high hill, whe it breaks loose from the team pul ing it and rolling backwards, toppl over a cliff, falling into a canyo below. Conditions being exact right for fine photographic work, remarkably realistic picture wa obtained.

* * *

PERHAPS at no time in the hi tory of the Triangle Corpora tion, has it had so many directo of reputation working at the Culv City studios as at present, and the well known names of Christ Cabanne, Cliff Smith, William Dow lan, Albert Parker, Gilbert P. Han ilton, Frank Borzage, Henry Ott and Thomas Heffron, there must b added those of Jack Conway and Mason Hopper.

* * *

"WAKE up the Kaiser," is th title of a new and thrillin patriotic song with all the dash an so-necessary haunting melody a companying the words to be offere within the next week by Mrs. Theo dore Roberts.

Mrs. Roberts has written rhyme before. Her friends have been en tertained by them and have bee known to ask for more. So whe Mrs. Roberts composed a patriot poem the musical circle in whic she is prominent in Los Angele clamored for music to the word So Mrs. Roberts figured out a me ody and a musician, probably th most noted of Los Angeles com posers, volunteered, to arange mus to the words for her. So this wa done, a copyright applied for an Mrs. Roberts' song will be intro duced at the Orpheum Theatre i Los Angeles by a prominent song stress.

Gladys Brockwell learning to be a wireless telegrapher. Miss Brockwell finds time to study telegraphy between her motion picture productions

Clara Kimball Young being photographed by the Marine Corps in San Francisco for a new poster for this branch of the Government's service. This picture was taken in San Francisco, during Miss Young's recent visit there in the interest of Navy Recruiting

(Above)

Director Henry King showing his star Mary Miles Minter how easy it is to get the dog to howl in a scene

(Left)

Peggy Hyland in her costume of a Red Cross nurse

A scene from "Under The Top," Fred Stone's initial Artcraft picture

Gladys Leslie as she appears in "Wild Primrose," a Vitagraph Blue Ribbon feature

Riverside Press, New York

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